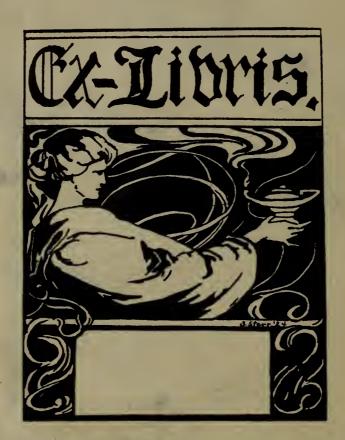
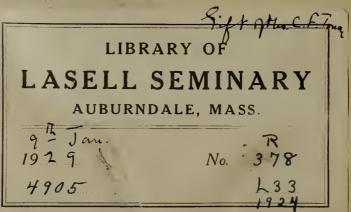
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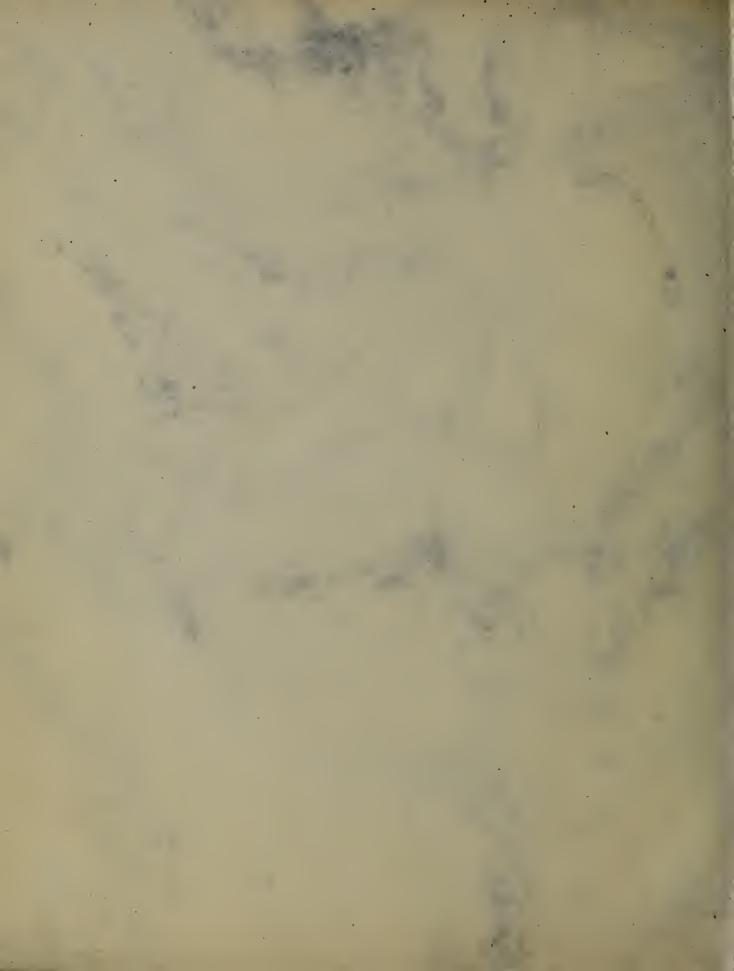
1924





In Mr. My Mrs. Towne with, Compliments of the Class of 24





The Lamp

Published by The Senior Class



Hasell Seminary Anhurndale, Mass. 1923-1924 To the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-three we wish to express our admiration for their shining success in giving us first "The Lamp." Disused, cast aside, they found it; trimmed its charred wick, polished it to great beauty, refilled it with the oil of their own wit and wisdom, set it alight, and lo, — "The Book!"

To them the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-four dedicates this new benture in the hope that it may fitly follow the first "Lamp" and probe a worthy successor.

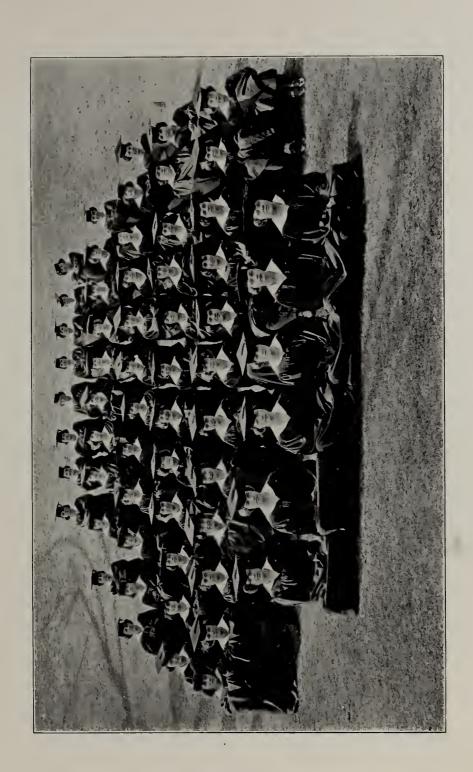


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Foreword

The Class of Nineteen Jandred and Twenty-four gives to you the second copy of "The Lamp," whose purpose is to keep ever before us the joyous days spent here at Lasell. Through the years to come we shall doubtless look with fond memories and renewed interest upon these pages and thus live over again the happy days spent here at our Alma Mater.

"The Scandals of '23"

We, who have lately passed into that state of uncertainty called "alumnae-hood", pause for a moment to reminisce (surely a sign of our approaching old age) on what we should like to call our achievements. Since modern histories must be free from all "untruthful propaganda," certain facts will be recorded which have heretofore been closely guarded.

Our class struggled through the uneventful Freshman year and in '20 became Sophomores.

The officers of that year were Gruhn, Puckett, Gifford, and Foster. We had a crew, rather a scrub crew it was, but out of that canoeful came some material that had a fairly strong "pull" later on. It was fun being "little sisters," to know the Senior secrets, and most of all to give them their party.

But it was not until September '21 that we actually "got together." Really we were remarkable Juniors—remarkably dumb, (our first great admission, but one made by '22 long ago). If it had not been for the more than able leadership of our President it is doubtful whether we should have ever got beyond the point of loyally hating every living Senior. But we did, and when June came it was the parting with "our Senior class" that was the hardest.

And now comes admission number two: quite a dreadful one. We took the Senior banner! Two of our brave little brigands sneaked home with it! We had a big, quiet celebration! We decided unanimously that we were clever! We were then notified by the powers that were that said green and white emblem had been hung previous to our little raid! Miss Witherbee taught us no words descriptive of our feelings at this point in (dare I say here) our achievements?

On a cold October night Pinkie, accompanied by the entire Junior class (and the banner), marched to Carpenter. We surrounded that then hated Senior domicile, for no one was to be present at the ceremony but our President, and waited for hours, fully expecting to see strands of red hair and a squirrel coat come flying through the windows. But we might have known that when two such presidents as Jean and Pinkie came together nothing but the fairest of deals could ensue.

A little later, although it was really quite early when we did it, we held elections. It was hardly a meeting, that dark morning in the Episcopal Chapel, it was more like a seance. Katherine Sober and her fellow "second story" helpers with the aid of one feeble candle opened up the scene of battle, and after many false starts we arrived, most of us slightly damaged due to various sorts of bouts that had ensued with the dignified strangers whom we had found under our beds. The officers elected were Pinkie, Louie, Sabra Lewis, Prilly and Rosalie.

Now that it's all over, we'd like to call to mind again the most striking picture of the many little tableaux of that night. It was the ever tranquil, serene Pizzini,

calmly and comfortably sitting outside of a certain room in Main, whispering sweet nothings through the keyhole to a storming turbulent Senior within! If it hadn't been for the noise pouring forth through the transom one would have thought Esther was at a picnic. While hosts of queerly pajamaed creatures surged around her, Pizzini sat through it all, never releasing her hold on that door knob, and never ceasing to comfort the poor captive.

If we had had a "thrillometer" by which to measure the thrills we got, without a doubt our party to '22 would have been found to give us the biggest. But an occasion that would have registered a close second on that "thrillometer" would have been that December night when the faint hum of "Auld Lang Syne" came softly up to us, and the long black column of Seniors hove into sight. It was at that moment that the first real fiery spark of genuine Lasell love was born in our hearts.

In still another way were we remarkable—we were remarkable sleepers. For what seemed to us decades we practically lived under the dining-room tables,—a queer statement, but it was a queer life. We just couldn't bear to think of parting with the Seniors at our tables and allowing them to go to tables of their own, so we watched to see if we couldn't deter them! Now Bonnie was a wonderful watcher, really one of the best, but on this one night she and her colleague, after finding no Seniors 'mongst the linen or silver, decided that they might just as well sleep on the third floor as on the dining-room floor. They did—and when we came down to breakfast our Senior playmates had "left the coffee pots to us."

Our budding athletes burst into full bloom on Field Day, for we won the Cup. With this impetus we prepared for River Day, and, although it was a hard pull against such crews as '22 had, Captains Mitchell and Colton with their crews may well be proud,—for we won!

The sight of the dear old tent called forth our childhood instincts which we had tried so hard to bury, and we had a circus. The proceeds went towards the Endowment Fund. We can still roar with laughter when we think of Louie giving her interpretation of Pavlowa's Swan Dance; all would have been interpreted nicely had not several safety pins mutinied and the Swan was forced to retire. Then there was an amazing prize fight with Pizzini knocked out in the first round, spectacular side shows and countless other attractions.

Then came September, 1922! Our year—the culmination of our dreams. We returned heavily laden with twice as much baggage as the previous year, plus our senior dignity.

At the end of the first week, being able by this time to take our eyes from the weird new creatures who seemingly had come to stay in our midst, we held elections. Pinkie was unanimously re-elected president, Anna Bullock, Mercedes Rendell, Florence Boehmcke, Helen Lightbody and Rosalie Gruhn being the other officers.

Then on October 11th, the Juniors decided to capture our banner, and we can scarcely blame them, for it was good looking—but perhaps we've said enough on

the subject of banners—our wound was still sore. Let it suffice, that on the day of Open House the banner was nicely hung and admired by all.

Altho' the dates are more or less hazy it seems to have been at about this time that two very important changes were made in the Lasell vocabulary. It happened this way: One of our classmates in her eager pursuit of knowledge (Jean never did quite catch it) found a really lovely word that to her seemed to be quite worth using. So from then on at various intervals we were all "chagrined!" Not that '23 ever had any cause for being chagrined, but as we looked down from our superior height we were chagrined to see everything in the form of a "littlely."

Oh, yes, the Juniors held elections! In fact, they held several all over the countryside. There were little parties in the various churches not all Junior parties, for here we are forced to admit knowledge of one little party whose purpose at the beginning of the night had been to intercept the runaway '24, but succumbed later to hunger and chicken sandwiches. Pete Gleason was hostess! But to continue, finally forty or fifty Juniors were collected, some one salvaged two trucks and a little tour was started in the general direction of Wellesley. This may sound disgraceful, young girls, mere children, out alone at an hour like this, for it must have been two A.M., but we hasten to assure you that they were chaperoned. Chaperoned by one of the best! A Senior! Louisa Venable! This humble scribe would much prefer to omit the following episode, but as this is a really honest-to-goodness true story she must continue. In the excitement and novelty of the ride to our neighboring village the dear little children, becoming a trifle rampant, pushed the chaperon off the truck! Oh, it was an accident—but we shudder to think of the outcome had it not been for the gallant police force of Auburndale, who found our poor little Louie in the wilds of Newton Lower Falls and escorted her safely home! But after another attempt at voting the Juniors finally told us whom they had chosen, and might we take this opportunity to say that they were well worth waiting for.

Then on November 13th we, like every respectable Senior Class, took our badges of seniorhood. Why go over the thrills of those nights of watching and "sleuthing" around, of the quiet little winks and nods (obvious to every one but the person for whom they were intended)?

'23 had some fine athletes: we may well be proud of Betty Mitchell, Connie, the Buettners, "B" Farber, and others, who received their seals.

We had a corking good Athletic Association with "Mitch" as president, Christian Endeavor under the able leadership of Helen Chapman, a most efficient Student Council with Connie as Chief Magistrate, the Missionary Society and Dramatic Club with Pinkie as President of each and the usual Glee Club.

But it was in a different line that '23 excelled. The nights when the audience sat in rapt attention, despite those hard seats in chapel, and dropped tears as Pinkie dropped her "Ashes of Rose Petals" or rocked with mirth to hear Jean's inimitable

description of how she had missed the "Eating Scene." And as for Mary Ann! Well, there were few of us that night who wouldn't gladly have bought tickets to Mandalay had she offered to be the guide.

As Spring drew near something new, oh, entirely new, was brought into our midst. Little groups of fearfully business-like looking Juniors were constantly seen in the general vicinity of the dining room. This continued unceasingly for weeks and after much deep thinking on our part we concluded that we were being hindered from taking our tables! And, here I stop with just a bit of fear and apprehension. We were being hindered—there wasn't a doubt in the mind of any one as to the extent to which we were being hindered; but, with the aid of a couple of yards of black veiling we—took our tables.

As we have done little else but pause throughout this treatise, might we pause long enough once more, as a spokesman of '23, to congratulate '24 on the spirit of good-sportsmanship shown by the loyal hard-working girl who might have been called "Head Shifter."

Our contribution to the Endowment Fund was a constant cloud hanging over our head, but as the year progressed it lifted. All the credit in the world goes to Betty Mitchell and her helpers for the Japanese Tea. On Class Night we were proud to give to Dr. Winslow as our share, \$2,035.

What can we say of that night when '23 as a body dressed in its Sunday best sauntered to Woodland for the big event of the winter. The Senior Prom!

Who will ever forget that night when we wandered around through the vista of purple eagerly searching for that "man." The shock of seeing these Tuxedoed creatures in our sacred halls of learning was so great that some of us almost forgot just who our escorts were, but we finally all got together and then—well—then—it was 11.30.

'23's biggest contribution to Lasell was the first volume of "The Lamp." It had long been a dream and we are honored and proud to think that it came into a living reality during our year. It wasn't accomplished over night, but by the most strenuous constant digging—digging away at it when the first thrill had worn off, digging when even some of those most deeply interested had drifted away. The staff worked: but '23—yes, and even Lasell may ever praise Louie for the hard, the dogged hard work that she did in putting The Lamp through this pioneering stage of its existence. It will ever be a burning memorial to her. And it was with sincere feeling of confidence that '23's flickering Lamp was passed on to '24, who, we knew, would turn the wick a little higher and cause its rays to shine farther and brighter.

Then came a day in May, quite a perfect day just made for victory! The dear old Charles fairly seething with excitement, families, Juniors, Sophomores, slipping on the banks, Seniors (with their dignity a trifle over one ear by this time) in the launches—and the Crews; Boehmcke, with her red cheeks and her sure eyes commanding her crew; and straight little Mitch never quivering a muscle, giving her

last instructions in that usual calm way of hers. Every race was a good one and there wasn't a crew on the river that day that didn't stroke a fine race, but, we may be forgiven, may we not, when we venture to say that the last race was quite the finest we have ever seen! It was close, but that only lent to the spirit of it all. Oh, we can yet see Rosalie stroking! Then the realization, that indescribable feeling, that the Seniors had won River Day—the first time in seven years! Oh, we were proud!

But along with our athletes, actresses, students (for we did have them incidentally) and musicians, we had many members who more than made up for those of us who were lacking in some of Nature's prettier gifts. For when the votes were counted for the May Queen and her Maid of Honor, we knelt to Betty Neal and Bonnie. Our only regret was that there weren't more positions in the beauty line to fill because we had many reserves.

As we near Commencement we'd like to hesitate just once more in order to offer due homage to one who we think deserves it. '23 had a President, and we challenge any school to produce a more efficient or popular executive; '23 had fine girls representing every club and activity in Lasell, but '23 also had a girl who took every prize the school offered, and because she took them all, they gave her another. We may well be proud to boast of the fact that Betty Mitchell belonged to us, for hers is a name that will live long after that of '23 has crumbled away.

Commencement was hard—the first parting most of us had ever experienced, but we knew, as does every Lasell girl of yesterday and to-day, that the friendships made at the dear old schoolhouse on the hill can well stand more than a parting.

As we consider our history we probably had few "achievements," as they are called by the voice of the world, but may we not instead, call them our whole hearted efforts. We had our faults,—we weren't really remarkable,—but we worked and worked loyally with the hope uppermost in our minds that perhaps we had helped Lasell on a little towards occupying the place among the "Schools of Fame" that she deserves.

And so the tent flap closes on '23. But Helen Chapman can more fittingly end this humble outline:

"Such was our challenge; such, our boast; Not spoken in pride and foolish self conceit, But made in courage to go forth to meet With victory, defeat— Thus hoped we, '23."

Jo Curry '23.

Class of '23

Anna C. Bullock H. Mercedes Rendell Florence E. Boehmcke Helen L. Lightbody Rosalie H. Gruhn Arline L. Allsopp Virginia W. Bass A. Elizabeth Bristow Elizabeth I. Buettner Helen T. Buettner Margaret E. Bullock Dorothy B. Carey Florence E. Chandler Helen L. Chapman Dorothy G. Chase Frances M. Clarke Ethel J. Cole Carolyn S. Colton Josephine Curry Anne S. Daugherty Ruth Dinsmore Berenice G. Farber Adrienne Fontaine Lucy A. Fuller Florence M. Gifford Mabel E. Gleason Gertrude Gould Olga J. Hammell Ruth F. Hight Ruth Hills Helen A. Hinshaw Ruth W. Hopkins Mira W. Huggins Lucy M. Kellogg Christine P. Lalley

Marjorie E. Lowell

Providence, R. I. Yonkers, N. Y. Brooklyn, N. Y. Rochester, N. H. New York, N. Y. Newark, N. J. Lancaster, N. H. Lynn, Mass. Chicago, Ill. Chicago, Ill. Andover, Mass. Watertown, N. Y. Hudson, Mass. Lake Geneva, Wis. Andover, Mass. Dorchester, Mass. Plymouth, Mass. Granby, Conn. Brooklyn, N. Y. Indianapolis, Ind. Belfast, Maine. Chicago, Ill. Fall River, Mass. Rockland, Me. Evanston, Ill. Carthage, N. Y. Port Washington, L. I. Atlantic City, N. J. Boston, Mass. Newton Highlands, Mass. Kansas City, Mo. Fort Fairfield, Me. Lockport, N. Y. Hallowell, Me. Bridgeport, Conn. Marlboro, Mass.

Ida A. Markert Dorothy M. May Cathleen I. Meloon Jean Merrick Antoinette C. Meritt Dorothy F. Merwin Mary Ann Miller Dorothy K. Millspaugh Elizabeth Mitchell Elizabeth L. Neal Bonnie F. Orlady Priscilla W. Osborn Claire Parker Helen F. Phillips Esther C. Pizzini Norma McL. Prentis Catherine Louise Puckett Helen G. Reardon Mary E. Shidler Adrienne E. Smith Lovina F. Smith Ruth S. Throm Louisa C. Venable Jessie Watters Isabelle Whitcomb Dorris A. Wilde Priscilla M. Wolfe A. Louise Woolley

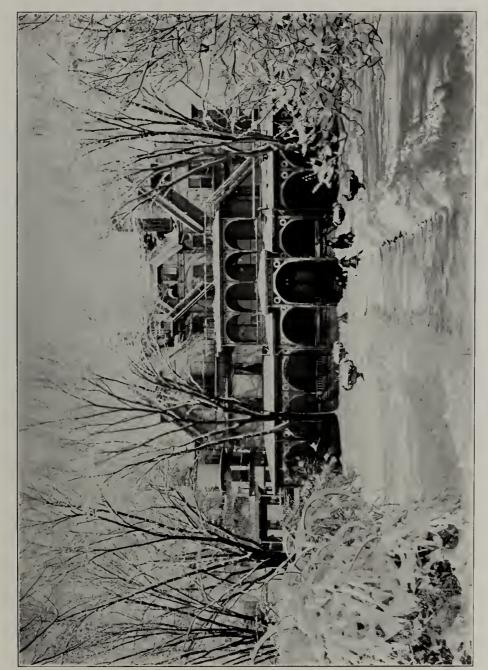
Brooklyn, N. Y. New York, N. Y. Portsmouth, N. H. Elizabeth, N. J. Dorchester, Mass. Windsor, Conn. Indianapolis, Ind. Walden, N. Y. Norfolk, Va. Lynn, Mass. Durand, Wis. Newark, N. J. West Barnstable, Mass. Woods Hole, Mass. San Antonio, Tex. Allston, Mass. Birmingham, Ala. Brighton, Mass. South Bend, Ind. Auburndale, Mass. Spencer, Ind. Reading, Pa. Norfolk, Va. New London, Conn. Essex Junction, Vt. North Andover, Mass. Canton, Mass. Salem, Mass.



ENTRANCE TO THE MAIN BUILDING

THE CROW'S NEST

BRAGDON HALL IN WINTER



WINTER PICTURE OF WOODLAND PARK

CARPENTER HALL

CARDNER HALL

BANCROFT HALL



PRINCIPAL'S RESIDENCE

VIEW OF CHARLES RIVER



HAWTHORNE HOUSE



CLARK COTTAGE

Alma Mater

Bound firm by a bond unbroken— Love for old Lasell— Take we now a pledge out spoken E'er to guard her well.

Alma Mater fidelitas
Pledge, girls, for loyalty;
Sing we now before we part;
We'll ever faithful be.

Bright school days are quickly past; Enjoy them while you may; Mem'ries still shall them outlast When we are far away.

Alma Mater, fidelitas,
Pledge, girls, for loyalty;
Sing we now before we part:
We'll ever faithful be.

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LILLIE R. POTTER, Preceptress.

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Doris Lane, S.B., Commercial Arithmetic, Penmanship, Business English, Bookkeeping.

BERTIIA LOTHROP HOOKER, Stenography.

MARY ROLINE STEWART, Drawing, Painting, Designing, Modelling, History of Art.

> Earl H. Ordway, B.S., House Furnishing.

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FLORENCE DUDLEY, Household Economics.

Nellie Elizabeth Wright, Domestic Art, Sewing, Dressmaking.

> JEAN McTaggart Sewing, Millinery

> > MARY GODARD Sewing.

Lora Vivian Francois, Reading, Expression, Poise, Bearing, Presence.

HENRY M. DUNHAM, Director of the Department of Music, Organ, Harmony, Chorus Singing.

GEORGE S. DUNHAM, Pianoforte, Sight Playing, Harmony. Anna Stovall-Lothian, Rivers Ellett, Jean Stanley Goodrich, Pianoforte.

HELEN GOODRICH, MABEL STANAWAY BRIGGS, Vocal Training.

> Naomi Davis, Solfeggio.

Anna Eichhorn, Violin.

EARL E. HARPER, Glee and Mandolin Clubs.

L. EDWIN CHASE, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo.

> KATHERINE FARRAR, BARBARA FENNO, Physical Training.

Essie Harrison, Swimming.

GRACE F. AUSTIN, Librarian.

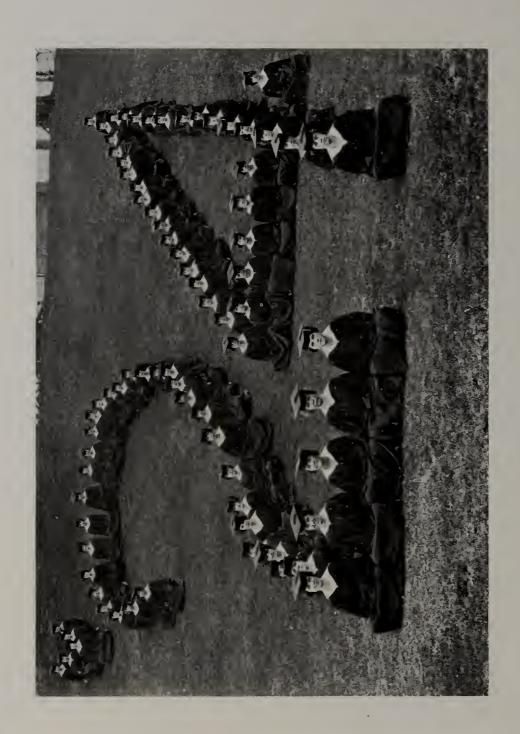
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CAROLINE FENNO CHASE, Field Secretary.

ELIZABETH F. HILBOURN, Matron.

MABEL AGATHA ROMKEY, Bursar.







CLASS OF 1924

Honorary Member

GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING

OFFICERS

President	Frances Badger
Vice-President	KATHARINE WEBB
Secretary	Dorothy Barnard
Treasurer	EDITH HADLEY
Song Leader	Harmy Corraces
Cheer Leader	GERTRUDE WRAGG

Colors—Black and White. Motto—"Strength to Conquer." Flower—Red rose.





Frances Whidden Badger: "Fran" Portsmouth, N. H., 1922-23, 1923-24

Junior Vice-President '23; Student Council '23; Treas. A. A. '23; Hockey Team '23, '24; Meow Staff '23; Basketball Team '24; Junior Play '23; Pres. A. A. '24; Lamp Staff '24; Usher Class Night '23; Usher Senior Reception '23; Usher Commencement '23; Pres. Senior Class '24; Lasell Sweater '23; Class Night Speaker '24.

Our president's smile is only a hint of the fine personality behind it, and of the unselfish spirit that has led Twenty-four steadfastly through its trials to final achievement.



Katherine Carroll Webb: "Kay" "Casey"

Stamford, Conn., 1922-23, 1923-24 Orphean '23, '24; Secretary Junior Class '23; Junior Play '23; Captain Junior Crew '23; Usher Senior Reception '23; Usher Class Night '23; Usher Commencement '23; Vice-President A. A. '23; President Missionary Society '24; Lamp Staff '24; Vice-President Senior Class '24; Class Night Speaker.

Besides being our very efficient Vice-President, Casey has stormed and conquered the hearts of untold legions with her subtle, "How are you?"





Dorothy Barnard: "Dot" Concord, N. H., 1921-22, 1922-23, 1923-24

Orphean '22, '23, '24; Glee Club '22, '23; French Club '22; Dramatic Club '22; Secretary Senior Class '24; Class Night Speaker '24.

Although Dotty has had her troubles rounding us up for class-meetings, she is so patient and good-natured about it all that it is always a pleasure to say "present."





EDITH WILSON HADLEY: Arlington, Mass., 1922-23, 1923-24

Hockey Team '23; Captain Hockey Team '24; Usher Class Night '23; Usher Senior Reception '23; Usher Commencement '23; Treasurer Junior Class '23; Treasurer Senior Class '24; Spanish Club '24; Junior Play '23; Leaves Staff '24.

Gathering the elusive shekels from Twenty-four's perpetually thin purses has been no small task, but Edith has somehow managed to balance accounts and keep us smiling the while.





Helen Christine Schroer: "Pep" Mansfield, Ohio, 1922-23, 1923-24

Orphean '23, '24; Glee Club '23, '24; Junior Song Leader '23; Senior Song Leader '24; President Christian Endeavor '24.

Even though her brilliant leadership in our songs were left out of the question, Pep enjoys her well-deserved popularity and her reputation as the darling of our class because her character has proved her, during these years, one of the remarkable few who merit such distinction.





GERTRUDE MILDRED WRAGG: "Rags" Norwood, Mass., 1922-23, 1923-24

Dramatic Club '23; Manager Dramatic Club '24; Junior Play '23; Crew '23; Usher Senior Reception '23; Usher Class Night '23; Usher Commencement '23; Missionary Officer '23; Senior Play '24; Senior Recital '24; Cheer Leader '23, '24; Spanish Club '24.

Our energetic cheer leader, who is responsible for much of the noise in the cheering sections and elsewhere, and a talented comedian, who has created a picturesque special vocabulary for explosive expressions.





Esther Redfern Adams:

Quincy, Mass., 1922-23, 1923-24

Orphean '23, '24; French Club '23; Junior Crew '23; Usher Class Night '23; President Spanish Club '24.

The cool New England maiden, whose barometer usually registers "Fair and Colder." We have our suspicions, though, that there are occasional rises in temperature.







Marjorie Loomis Aitken: "Marge" Orange, N. J., 1922-23, 1923-24 Orphean '23, '24; Mandolin Club '23; Junior Second Crew '23.

Style and a good appearance are ever-present considerations with Marge, but the results quite justify her pains. ALICE ELIZABETH ANDERSON: "Lib" Indianapolis, Ind., 1922-23, 1923-24. Orphean '23, '24; Glee Club '23, '24; Mandolin Club '23; Junior Crew '23; Leaves Staff '24; Swimming Team '24; Class Night Speaker.

Lib reminds us of the brook—"I chatter, chatter as I go"—but she cheers us up so much that we shall not mind in the least if she goes on forever.

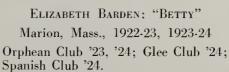








Avis Dorothy Ballou:
Providence, R. I., 1922-23, 1923-24
Orphean '23, '24; Glee Club '23, '24;
Mandolin Club '23; Dramatic Club '23.
Avis has shown her Lasell spirit by her willingness to help on many occasions.



It has been estimated that, if all the letters Betty has received in the last year were placed end to end, they would stretch to Mars and back again three and one-half times. May the post-man never leave your box empty, Betty.









GERTRUDE REBECCA BARDWELL: Turners Falls, Mass., 1922-23, 1923-24 Orphean '23, '24; Dramatic Club '24.

When men say, "Woman's place is in the home," Gertrude does not mind in the least, for she delights in puttering with the chops, clattering among pots and pans, and engaging in other domestic diversions.

Mabel Cleveland Bavier: Melrose, Mass., 1922-23, 1923-24 Orphean '23, '24; Glee Club '23, '24; Lamp Staff '24.

Mabel is one of the cutest class babies, but when it comes to work, she is a real grown up.









LEONORE JANE BELBER: "Lee"
Philadelphia, Pa., 1922-23, 1923-24
Orphean '23, '24; Dramatic Club '23, '24; Dramatic Club Play '23; Senior Play '24; Senior Dramatic Recital '24.
Though a somewhat diminutive edition, Lee is, nevertheless, very much a

Senior.

ADELE ELIZABETH BIGHAM: "DEL"
Watertown, N. Y., 1923-24
Orphean '24; Dramatic '24; Senior Re-

cital '24; Senior Play '24.

Del is one of the more recent recruits to our ranks, but her generosity and helpfulness have placed her among the tried veterans.









Frances Elisabeth Bliss: "Fran"
Buffalo, N. Y., 1922-23, 1923-24
Usher Senior Reception '23; Usher Commencement '23; Secretary Missionary Society '24.

Don't let them tease you about your blushes, Frances; they are very becoming.

Marie Priscilla Boucher: Bradford, Mass., 1922-23, 1923-24 French Club '23, '24; Secretary Spanish Club '24.

When Marie touches the piano, the key to her career lies under her fingers. We predict a brilliant future for her.







Margaret Bunnell: "Peggy" Pelham, N. Y., 1921-22, 1922-23, 1923-24

Orphean '22, '23, '24; Glee Club '22, '23, '24; Junior Play '23; Captain Crew '22; Captain Junior Crew '23; French Play '22; Dramatic Club '24; Usher Senior Reception '23; Swimming Team '24; Leaves Staff '23; Studio Club '22, '23; Senior Play '24.

Peg's success is due, in large measure, to her pull—upon the river, for every year she has been among the first out for crew.





Marietta Louise Chase: "Billie" Winthrop, Mass., 1922-23, 1923-24 Junior Crew '23; Captain Swimming Team '24; Lamp Staff '24; Missionary Aid '24.

Billy's energy and enthusiasm in the organization and management of the swimming team are only samples of what she can do.





Edith Campbell Clendenin: Washington, D. C., 1922-23, 1923-24

Basket-ball Team '23; Captain Basketball Team '24; Usher Senior Reception '23; Secretary Missionary Society '23; President Student Council '24; Editor-

in-Chief Lamp '24.

They say the way of the transgressor is hard, but Edith's way with the transgressors has convinced us that there are much harder things than becoming acquainted with her patience and sweetness. We also owe a great deal to her, our editor-in-chief, for the success of *The Lamp*.





Brenda Martin Copeland: Rochester, N. H., 1922-23, 1923-24

Orphean '23, '24; Junior Crew '23; Dramatic Club '24; Glee Club '24; Senior Play '24; Class Night Speaker.

Since Brenda has taken House-Furnishing, she has such decided ideas about houses that we are eagerly waiting for the time to come when we may visit her in her own home.



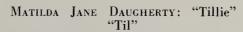




Elizabeth Cottrell: "Betty" Quincy, Ill., 1922-23, 1923-24

Usher Commencement '23; Spanish Play '23; Dramatic Club '23; Studio Club '23; Vice-President Studio Club '24; Lamp Staff '24.

The artist of the class who has fore-shadowed her fame in her fine work in The Lamp, and in the clever posters she has made from time to time.



Indianapolis, Ind., 1922-23, 1923-24

Treasurer Dramatic Club '23; President Dramatic Club '24; Senior Play; Junior Play; Lamp Staff '24; Class Night Speaker.

Tillie has no trouble pleasing the dear public here. Who of us would not be a matinée-hound for her performances?









Mary Merchant DeWolf: Warren, R. I., 1922-23, 1923-24 Orphean '23; *Leaves* Staff '23; Mandolin Club '23.

Mary always astonishes us by demonstrating in her quiet unassuming way that she has read everything that we are supposed to have read but have neglected.

ALYCE CLARA DICK: "Dickie"
Auburn, Maine, 1922-23, 1923-24
Secretary Mandolin Club '24; Usher
Senior Recention '23

Senior Reception '23.

Many a case of "blues" has been dispelled by Alice's incessant fun, her ever-ready absurdities, and her strange tales of the backwoods.









Elsie Frances Duffy: "Duff" Lawrence, Mass., 1922-23, 1923-24 Orphean '23, '24; Mandolin '23; Dramatic Club '23; Shakespearean Play.

Good natured Duffy, there is never a situation so difficult that she will not lend a hand.

Mary Stuart Ehrhart: "Toots"
Hanover, Pa., 1922-23, 1923-24

Orphean '23; Swimming Team '24.
When we say, "We're young and rich and handsome," we always think of Toots, for in the matter of smartness and attractive fashions she leaves most of us hopelessly outdistanced.









MIRIAM LOUISE ELLSWORTH: "MIM" Barre, Mass., 1922-23, 1923-24 Class Night Speaker.

There is not one of us who does not love Miriam for her sweetness, her courage, and her cheery smile.

ELIZABETH FRICK: "BETTY"
Schenectady, N. Y., 1922-23, 1923-24
Junior Crew '23; Usher Senior Reception '23; Student Council '24; Leaves Staff '24.

Fricky has a deplorable time over this wicked, wicked world. But never mind, Fricky, the third and fourth generations will scramble along somehow despite the sins of the fathers.









Pauline Rose Gagne: "Paul" Cambridge, Mass., 1922-23, 1923-24 Orphean '23; French Club '23; Basketball Team '23; Senior Play '24; Spanish Club '24; Dramatic Club Play '24.

Rumor has it that Paul will soon be headed for the Pacific coast, but we understand that a Hollywood contract is not the attraction in this case.

Margaret Ellen Hall: "Peggy" Meredith, N. H., 1921-22, 1922-23, 1923-24

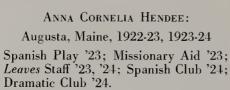
Missionary Aid '23; Prom. Committee '24.

Peggy's dimples and her skill in using them cause heavy casualties both in school and out.









Anna deserves credit for her painstaking write-ups of the Local columns of the *Leaves* throughout the year.



PHYLLIS HESSIN: "Phyl" Stamford, Conn., 1922-23, 1923-24

Vice-President French Club '23; Orphean '23, '24; Studio Club '23; President Studio Club '24; President French Club '24; Senior Recital; Dramatic Club '24; Senior Play; Lamp Staff '24; Crew '23; Class Night Speaker.

Phyl is one of our most accomplished singers. We would forsake our beloved jazz any day for a recital in which she appears.









Marjorie Jaccer: "Marj" Sanford, Maine, 1922-23, 1923-24 Dramatic Club '23.

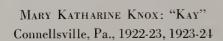
Marjorie impresses us as being somewhat shy and retiring. And yet—one never knows.

RUTH PRATT JOHNSON:
Indianapolis, Ind., 1922-23, 1923-24
French Play '23; Missionary Aid '23.
A jolly likeable girl from the mid-West.









Orphean '23, '24; Glee Club '24; Usher Senior Reception '23; Class Night Speaker; Student Council '24; Lamp Staff '24.

Many trying situations have proved Kay one of the loyalest members of our class, and both capable and reliable.





Bertha Krakauer: "Berdie" Chihuahua, Mexico, 1921-22, 1922-23, 1923-24

Vice-President Freshman Class '22; Studio Club '22, '23; Junior Play '23; Spanish Play '23; Usher Class Night '23; Usher Senior Reception '23; Usher Commencement '23; Class Night Speaker; President Junior Class '23.

Our fair representative from Mexico, who staggers us with her marvelous skill in Spanish.







Sylvia Glock Levi: "Syl" Port Chester, N. Y., 1922-23, 1923-24 Orphean '23, '24.

What would Miss Lane do without Sylvia in bookkeeping, we wonder. And that is not the only subject in which she shines. Margaret Killeen Lonval: "Peg" Swampscott, Mass., 1921-22, 1922-23, 1923-24

Usher Class Night '23; Usher Senior Reception '23; Missionary Society '23; Spanish Club '24.

Steady, easy-going Peg is the last word in placidity. While we grow gray over coming exams, the direst troubles never worry her.

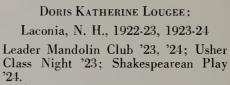








ARLINE LOUGEE:
Laconia, N. H., 1922-23, 1923-24
Studio Club '23, '24; Mandolin '23, '24.
Arline doesn't believe in the proverb,
"Early to bed and early to rise"—for she is invariably the last one to bed, but she manages to rise early notwithstanding.



The recent history of the Mandolin Club is largely the history of Doris, and for once history has condescended to repeat itself in the success of the concert this year.









ISABEL LUMMUS: "Izzy"
Lynn, Mass., 1922-23, 1923-24
Orphean '23, '24; Studio Club '23, '24;
Spanish Club '24.

The skeptic of the Sociology class. If we didn't know that you were from Lynn, Isabel, we should suspect you of coming from Missouri.

MILDRED MACCUTCHEON: "Mac" Summit, N. J., 1923-24

French Club '24; French Play '24; Studio Club '24.

We regret Mac's sudden transplanting from the ranks of our infant opponents to the full dignity of a Senior only because it took place so late in the term.









ALICE ELIZABETH McCAGHEY: Little Falls, N. Y., 1922-23, 1923-24 Class Night Speaker.

One of the irrepressible trio of noisy room-mates whose lung power has not by any means drowned out her sense of humor and her unruffled temper. LILLIAN GENEVIEVE McGEE:
Natick, Mass., 1921-22, 1922-23, 1923-24
Basket-ball Team '24. Studio Club '23.
Much of the success of our basket-ball team this year may be laid to Lillian's steadiness and hard work.









CLAIRE CATHERINE McGOLDRICK: Watertown, Mass., 1922-23, 1923-24

Claire is the shining example for those whose sewing, though rapid, proves on inspection a disheartening revelation of the seamy side of life.

FLORENCE ARLETTA MERRITT: South Portland, Maine, 1923-24 French Club '24.

They say the Western Union is paying bigger dividends since Florence came to Lasell. Telegrams are as common to her as zeros to us.









MAUDE MARGUERITE MURRAY: "Jimmie" Bangor, Maine, 1922-23, 1923-24

Orphean '23, '24; Mandolin Club '23, '24; Dramatic Club '24; French Play '24; Senior Recital '24; Missionary Aid '24; Senior Play '24; Usher Senior Reception '24.

Jimmy's friends are many, proving again, among other things that a soft voice is an excellent thing in woman! Marjorie Landers Needham: "Marge" Princeton, Mass., 1921-22, 1922-23 1923-24

Dramatic Club '23; Orphean '22.

Many of us envy Marge her magic touch upon the typewriter.









Margaret Mary Niday: "Bobby"
Boise, Idaho, 1922-23, 1923-24
Orphean '23, '24; Glee Club '23, '24;
Dramatic Club '23; Junior Play '23.
The radical of our class, Bobby, would make our class colors a violent red and has her own private revolutions

every other minute.

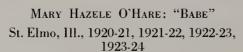
Lucile Maria Norris: "Jumpy" Chicago, Ill., 1921-22, 1922-23, 1923-24 Orphean '22, '23, '24; Studio Club '23; Spanish Club '24; Glee Club '22, '23, '24; Sophomore Crew '22; Junior Crew '23.

Cute little black-haired Jumpy, always ready with never failing pep and enthusiasm.









Orphean '22, '23, '24; Glee Club '22, '23, '24; Class Night Usher '23; Junior Crew '23; Class Night Speaker.

We do not believe the telephone directory contains a single number which Mary has not received a call from. We have been in a chronic state of jealousy all year.



Esther Ashcroft Palmer: "Est" Lynn, Mass., 1922-23, 1923-24

Orphean '23, '24; Glee Club '23, '24; Leaves Staff '24; Usher Senior Reception '23; Spanish Play '23, '24; Spanish Club '24; Junior Play '23; Senior Play '24; Senior Recital '24; Class Night Speaker; Dramatic Club '23, '24.

Esther is not only enrolled as a student here, but is in fact a student, and of the first rank, too, as her high standing will testify.









Bernice Crowinshield Parker: "Bud" Springfield, Mass., 1923-24.

Bud was not in the struggles of our Junior year, but her year with us as a Senior has been all too short.

Lydia Parry: "Lyd" Summit, N. J., 1922-23, 1923-24

First Junior Crew '23; Basketball Team '23, '24; Manager Basketball Team '24; Swimming Team '24.

Peppy and happy-go-lucky Lydia, with your inimitable "Last Night on the Back Porch." A delightful exponent of ceaseless motion.





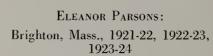




Maria Willets Parry: "Mahzie" Summit. N. J., 1922-23, 1923-24

Orphean '23, '24; French Club '23; Spanish Club '24; Glee Club '24; Class Night Usher '23; *Leaves* staff '24; *Lamp* Staff '24; Class Night Speaker; Swimming Team '24.

Mahzie says she is a Quaker, but her eyes contradict her. All in all, she completely reverses the traditions of her demure ancestors.



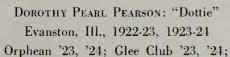
Mandolin Club '24; Studio Club '24; French Play '24.

Who can forget the time Eleanor played the king in the French pageant?









Usher Senior Reception '23; Usher Class Night '23; Spanish Club '24; Missionary Aid '24.

Dotty takes the responsibilities of Seniorhood so seriously that she has no trouble, as some of us do, in maintaining the awesome dignity of tradition.



HELEN BODWELL PERRY: "Honey" Malden, Mass., 1922-23, 1923-24

French Club '23; Mandolin '23, '24; Usher Senior Reception '23; Spanish Play '23; Student Council '24; Treasurer Spanish Club '24; Lamp Staff '24.

Honey has broadened Twenty-four's smile by many inches. Who can forget her subtle wit and yet what is more to be desired than Honey and her absurdities? May life's smile be just as broad for you, Honey.







Barbara Louise Pinkham: Portland, Maine, 1922-23, 1923-24 Secretary Dramatic Club '23; Junior Play '23; Senior Play '24; Shakespearean Play '24; Dramatic Club '24.

Another of our talented members who has stepped over the footlights into the Dramatic Club with great success.



DOROTHY ETHYL REDMAN: "Dot" East Orange, N. J., 1922-23, 1923-24

Mandolin Club '23; Missionary Aid '23; Tennis Team '23; Dramatic Club '23, '24; Senior Play '24: Basketball Team '23, '24; Manager Hockey Team '24; Chairman Senior Prom. '24; Class Night Speaker.

To her fine record in athletics, Dotty has added the success of the Prom., which under her management lived up to every one's expectations as the "divinest" event of the year.









ELEANOR JENNINGS RINEBOLD:
Athens, Pa., 1921-22, 1922-23, 1923-24
Orphean '22, '23, '24; Glee Club '24;
Spanish Club '24.

Eleanor is a good worker, who might give us some points on perseverance.

Ella Hazel Robbins: "Bobbie" Springfield, Mass., 1920-21, 1921-22, 1922-23, 1923-24

Orphean '21, '22; Basketball Team '23, '24; Hockey Team '23, '24.

Bobbie, of the Old Guard, has stood

Bobbie, of the Old Guard, has stood by for four years and distinguished herself in Basketball and in the Mandolin Club.









Margarite Anna Robinson: "Peg" Brandon, Vermont, 1922-23, 1923-24 Orphean '23, '24; Glee Club '23; Mandolin Club '23.

The Jazzo maniac of Carpenter considers a silent victrola a crime, and a minute without music of some sort drab indeed.

Helen Wightman Robson: Charleston, N. C., 1920-21, 1921-22, 1922-23, 1923-24

French Club '22, '23; President Freshman Class '21; Missionary Society '23; Crew '23.

One of our Southern representatives with an engaging accent.









Frances Mary Royce: Somersworth, N. H., 1922-23, 1923-24 Orphean '23; Senior Play '24; Spanish Club '24.

Frances is another member of the Dramatic Club who makes us wish that plays were presented more often.

HAZEL GENEVA SMALL:
Sagamore, Mass., 1922-23, 1923-24
Dramatic Club '23.
What's in a name? There is more to Hazel than her name implies.









Helen Louise Staples: "Hennie" Milford, Mass., 1922-23, 1923-24 Usher Senior Reception '23; Dramatic Club '24; Senior Play '24.

At last we have discovered that unique individual, the perfect roommate. Jimmy Murray says they've never disagreed.

Sylvia Comfort Starr: "Syd" Buffalo, N. Y., 1922-23, 1923-24

Orphean '23, '24; Studio Club '23; Spanish Play '23; Spanish Club '24; French Club '23; Secretary French Club '24; Usher Commencement '23; Junior Crew '23; Lamp Staff '24.

Sylvia is a brilliant star in art, and has also shone from time to time in her literary efforts.









VIRGINIA PRUDENCE STEVENS: "Steve" New Haven, Conn., 1922-23, 1923-24 Usher Senior Reception '23; Usher Commencement '23; Orphean '23, '24.

mencement '23; Orphean '23, '24.

That Steve has executive ability is proved by the fact that no committee of which she has been in charge has ever failed to do its work well.

RUTH ADELAIDE STONEMAN: "Ruthie" Cleveland, Ohio, 1922-23, 1923-24 Student Council '24.

Ruth's excellent disposition has utterly routed the old saying about red hair and a temper.









HELEN HARRIET STRIFERT: Sioux City, Iowa, 1922-23, 1923-24 Orphean '23, '24; Glee Club '23, '24; Dramatic Club '23, '24; Spanish Play '23, '24; Spanish Club '24.

It takes a long line to reach from Boston to Iowa, but Helen has it.

ELSIE APPOLINE TERHUNE:

Fairhaven, Mass., 1922-23, 1923-24

Dramatic Club '23, '24; Missionary Aid '23, '24; Senior Play '24; Class Night Speaker.

Elsie has the reputation of being the perfect housekeeper. We almost suspect her of having ulterior motives.









Helen Gertrude Terry:
Southold, N. Y., 1922-23, 1923-24
Spanish Play '23, '24; Spanish Club '24.
When Spanish is hopelessly murdered, Senora may confidently turn to Helen to pick up the pieces.

Louise King Titus:
Dover, N. H., 1922-23, 1923-24
Orphean '23, '24; Glee Club '24; Crew '23.

Her generosity and helpfulness are two qualities we greatly admire in Louise.









JOCELYN TONG: "Jo-Jo" Hollis, Long Island, N. Y., 1922-23, 1923-24

Tennis Team '23; Lamp Staff '23, '24; Class Night Speaker; Editor-in-Chief of Leaves '24.

O Seniors, I have checked you off, And it's been lots of fun. Which of you shall I call on next? But answer comes there none-

And this is scarcely odd, because I've mentioned every one.

ISABELLE MAE VARNEY:

East Rochester, N. H., 1922-23, 1923-24 French Play '24; Usher at Senior Reception '23.

Whenever honor credits are piled up, Isabelle's conscientious work nets her a good share of them.









Carolyn Charlotte Vicary: "Vic" Canton, Ohio, 1922-23, 1923-24 Class Night Speaker.

We could never decide whether Vic is a close second to Alice or ahead of her in volume and quantity of noise, but perhaps her best claim to fame is her position as one of the three inseparable room-mates.

ALICE EMILY WEBSTER: "Al" South Natick, Mass., 1922-23, 1923-24 Spanish Club '24.

The lady of the sunny smile, who never has a cloudy day.









Gertrude Alice Westerhoff: "Gert" New Haven, Conn., 1922-23, 1923-24 Junior Crew '23; Mandolin Club '23; Dramatic Club '24; Senior Play '24.

Gert's contribution to the fun of the year is marked by the overwhelming success of her recitation, "Rhodora," and the perfection of her famous whine.

Maude Adella Wilcox: Westbrook, Conn., 1922-23, 1923-24 Crew '23; Dramatic Club '23, '24. Maude's proficiency with the typewriter is due not only to her eleverness,

but to her study practice.









Geraldine Wilder: "Jerry" Melrose, Mass., 1923-24

Orphean '24; Leader Glee Club '24; Dramatic Club '24; French Club '24; Senior Play '24.

In one short year Jerry has successfully proved to us that she is closely related to the proverbial prairie flower—growing Wilder every hour.

Doris Elizabeth Woodruff: "Dorry" East Orange, N. J., 1922-23, 1923-24 Crew '23; Spanish Club '24; *Leaves* Staff '24.

If laughs were contagious, we should all be infected with Doris's giggle. It is quite irresistible.







ALICE RUTH WRY: Evanston, Ill., 1922-23, 1923-24 Spanish Club '24; Spanish Play '23, '24; Shakespearean Play '23.

While our hearts skip a beat over a call from Main, Alice is quite blasé over a call from Chicago. But knowing Alice, we can understand why Chicago would wish to call Boston.





Hall of Fame, 1924

Most Popular	Frances Badger
Most Personality	KATIIARINE WEBB
Most Talented	PHYLLIS HESSIN
Most Stylish	Mary O'Hare
Most Dignified	EDITH CLENDENIN
Most Athletic	Frances Badger
Most Studious	ISABELL VARNEY
Most Attractive	ELIZABETH COTTRELL
Wittiest	Jocelyn Tong
Neatest	KATHARINE WEBB
Peppiest	Helen Schroer
Brainiest	Jocelyn Tong







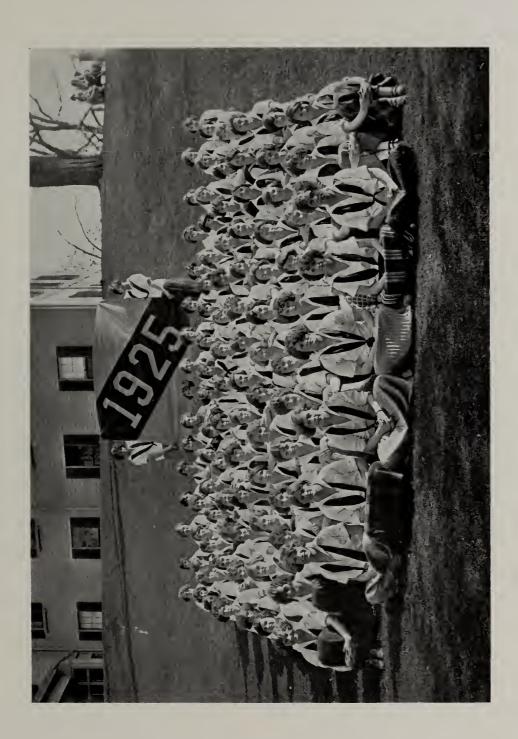


Officers of the Junior Class

Honorary Member Thomas A. Edison

President	JESSIE MATTESON
Vice-President	KATHERINE LALLEY
Secretary	SARAH BARNUM
Treasurer	RUTH VOLTZ
Song Leader	PATTY BERKSON
Cheer Leader	Glenna Bullis

Colors—Blue and Gold Flower—Larkspur



Hall of Fame, 1925

Most Popular	Jessie Matteson
Most Personality	Sarah Barnum
Most Talented	JEAN BUNDY
Most Stylish	Helen Hansen
Most Dignified	Helen Landon
Most Athletic	Muriel Greenough
Most Studious	Gertrude Kendali.
Most Attractive	MILDRED WHYTE
Wittiest	PATŢY BERKSON
Neatest	EDNA HART
Peppiest	PATTY BERKSON
Brainiest	Sarah Barnum



Roll Call of '25

Margaret Anderson Blanche Avery Moselle Bailey Sarah Barnum Elizabeth Batchelder Elsa Bauer Hope Bean Katherine Beecher Dorothy Biggin Helene Berkson Helen Black Carrie Bland Virginia Brunner Ruth Buffington Glenna Bullis Jean Bundy Barbara Bridgman **Emily Case** Eleanor Casey Christine Chamberlin Ethel Clow Charlena Clough Marion Corbin Dorothy Cook Rose Cruise Barbara Cushing Virginia Dreher Annette Durkee Harriet Edwards Jean Eisman Esther Fairchild Martha Fish Francês Finney Audrey Goddu Margaret Gordon Anne Greene

Muriel Greenough Elizabeth Hammond Edna Hart Esther Harvey Harriet Harvey Margaret Hedden Louise Hegeman Ruby Holabird Lucielle Hopkins Marion Haines Dorothy Hagadorn Helen Hansen Bella Jacobs Mary Elizabeth Jameson Estelle Jenney Elizabeth Johnson Merle Johnston Katherine Kelley Dorothy Keller Gertrude Kendall Katherine Lalley Helen Landon Libbey **Evadine Love** Alta Lucas Louise Luscomb Helen McIntire Agnes McMurray Elin Macartney Ruth Martin Jessie Matteson Ruth Mayes Peggy Meurer Marion Miles Josephine Miller Eva-May Mortimer

Dorothy Moxon

Doris Nelson Elizabeth Nowell Sylvia Parker Ruth Powell Frances Page Elizabeth Ramsdell Ruth Reynders Isabelle Rodier Katherine Ross Elizabeth Shaw Lititia Shepard Ruth Shepard Marion Sinclair Virginia Smieding Jean Smith Miriam Smith Edith Spalding Jeanette Starin Eleanor Steele Claire Stritzinger Catherine Stultz Svlvia Solari Marian Simonds Mary Helen Swartzel Grace Thaver Elizabeth Thomas Muriel Tompkins Marion Tullar Florence Tyler Ruth Valtz Helen Wahlquist Dorothy Wardwell Mildred Whyte Martha Wilcox Alberta Wight Alice Wilkins



Sophomore Class

President	Ветт	ry Lunn
Secretary and Treasurer	L.	BRYANT
Cheer Leader and Song Leader	В.	SAXTON

Members

Adams, D.	Lee
Areson	Lunn
Bennett	Lang
Brill	McLauthlir
Bryant	McNabb
Candy	Main
Crooke	Saxton
Chambers	Speed
Clark, M.	Strong
Fletcher	Virkler
Krakauer, A.	









Freshman Class

Secretary and Treasurer Song Leader	L. MUELLER
Λ	lembers
Chase	Powdrell
Dunning	Richards
Finegan	Robson, L.
Hitchens	Russell
Irish	Schumaker
Johnson, M.	Warren, J.
Messenger	Warren, V.
Mueller	
	1928
Barrett	Ladd
Brooks	Larrabee
Hambleton	Loewe
Jackson	Parker, H.



SPECIALS



Special Class

President	E. 1	Morgan
Secretary and Treasurer	E.	Brown

Members

E. Brown	McDermott
Chandler	Madfis
E. Clarke	Mustard
Finn	Morgan
Godard	Naka
Hasanovitz	Noyes
Higgins	Stover
Kotzen	Smith, Jeannette
Kirby	Williams
MacKay	Wilson





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Assistant Editor-in-Chief
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MATILDA DAUGHERTY MARIETTA CHASE JERRY WILDER



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Literary Editor	Doris Woodruff
Assistant Literary Editor	ESTHER PALMER
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Athletic Editor	Edith Hadley



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Edith Clendenin

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Katherine Beecher

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VIRGINIA BRUNNER

LUCILLE HOPKINS

Gardner Representatives
Edith Clendenin
Helen Perry

Carpenter Representatives

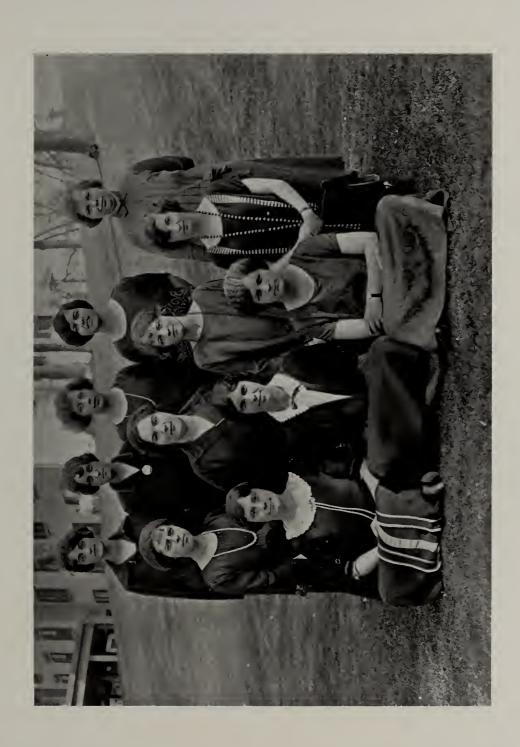
DOROTHY BARNARD

ELIZABETH FRICK

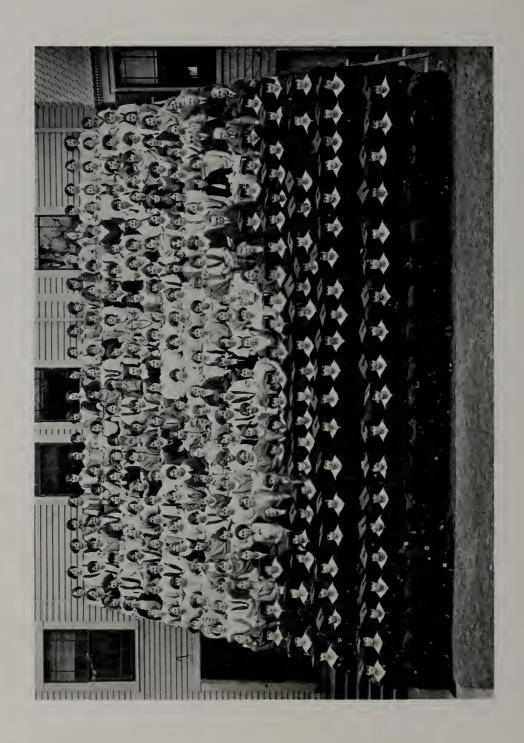
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RUTH STOLEMAN

Hawthorne Representative
Katharine Knox

Bancroft Representative
KATHERINE KELLEY



1.





CLUBS

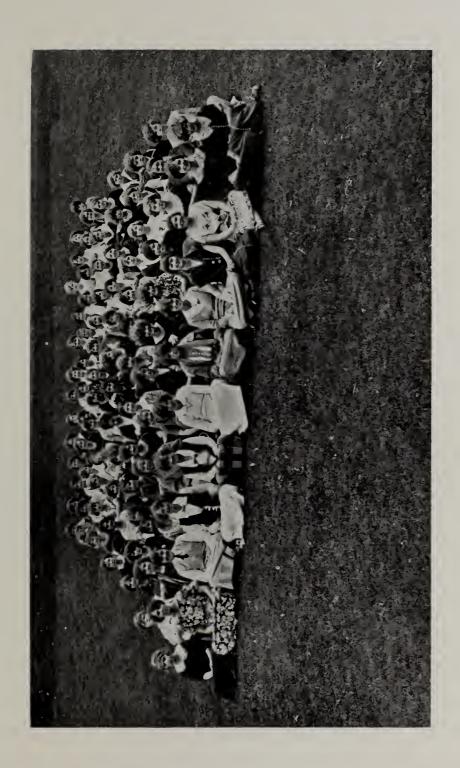
Orphean Club

Adams Fairchild Fish Aitken Gordon Anderson, E. Greene Anderson, M. Bailey Hambleton Ballou Hansen Barden Hegeman Bardwell Hessin Barnard **Hopkins** Howes Barnum Irish Bavier Jackson Bean Belber Johnston, M. Berkson Keeler Bigham Kelley Black Knox Bland Ladd Bridgman Landon Brunner Larrabee **Bryant** Lee Levi Bunnell Libbey Case Chamberlin Lucas Lummis Chandler Clow Luscomb Martin Clough Matteson Copeland Corbin Mayes McNabCrooke Messenger Cruise Cushing Meurer Miles De Wolf Murray Duffy Niday Dunning Norris Durkee Ehrhart Nowell

Palmer Parker, S. Parry, M. Pearson Powdrell Richards Rinebold Robinson Rodier Ross Royce Schroer Shaw Shepard, R. Simonds Smith, M. Speed Starin Starr Steele Stevens Strifert Stritzinger Strong Thayer Titus Tullar Voltz Wahlquist Wardwell Warren, V. Warren, J. Webb Whyte

Wilder

O'Hare



Glee Club

Leader	Geraldine Wilder
Secretary	ESTHER PALMER
Librarian	DOROTHY PEARSON
Accompanist	Helen Schroei

Members

Elizabeth Anderson	Elizabeth Irish
Avis Ballou	Merle Johnston
Elizabeth Barden	Katherine Kelly
Sarah Barnum	Katherine Knox
Mabel Bavier	Helen Landon
Helene Berkson	Margaret Lucas
Margaret Bunnell	Louise Luscomb
Ethel Clow	Marian Miles
——— Chandler	Margaret Niday
Brenda Copeland	Mary O'Hare
Phyllis Crooke	Maria Parry
Mary Stuart Erhart	Marguerite Robinson
Martha Fish	Elizabeth Shaw
Louise Hegeman	Miriam Smith
Lucille Hopkins	Louise Titus
——— Howes	Helen Wahlquist



21

Mandolin Club

Leader	Doris Lougee, '24
Librarian	HELEN PERRY, '24
Secretary	ALYCE DICK, '24

Members

Arline Lougee, '24

Marguerite Murray, '24

Eleanor Parsons, '24

Ella Robbins, '24

Helene Berkson, '25

Helen Black, '25

Harriet Edwards, '25

Helen Hansen, '25

Lucille Hopkins, '25
Marion Miles, '25
Dorothy Wardwell, '25
Peggy Meurer, '25
Elizabeth Hammond, '25
Mary Swartzel, '25
Evelyn Ladd, '26
Dorothy Keeler, '26



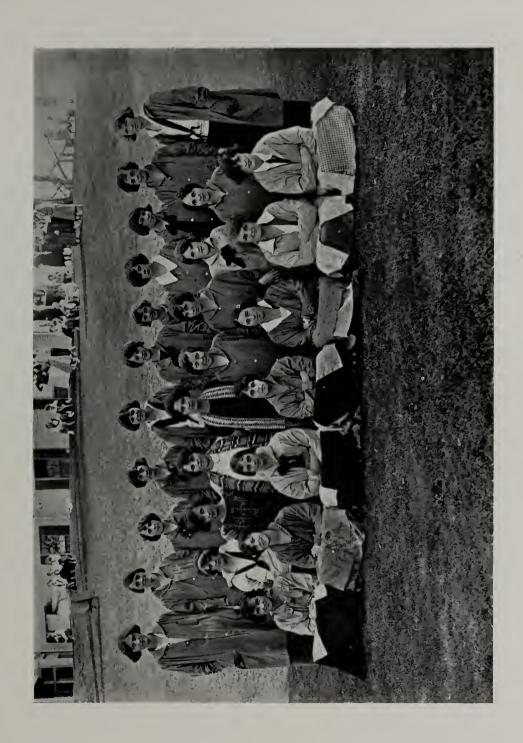
Studio Club

President	PHYLLIS HESSIN
Vice-President	ELIZABETH COTTRELL
Secretary	Eva-May Mortimer
Treasurer	RUTH BUFFINGTON

Members

Harriet Edwards Elizabeth Lee Barbara Bridgman Arline Lougee Dorothy Hagadorn Blanche Avery Ruth Buffington Mildred McCutcheon Dorothy Higgins Phyllis Hessin Dorothy Biggin Emily Brown Elizabeth Clark Margueritte Williams Elizabeth Cottrell Helen Landon Isabelle Lummus Nidine Strong Jean MacKay Rose Cruise Louisa Mueller Katherine Lalley Eva-May Mortimer Marjorie Hitchens Dorothy Messenger Jeanette Smith Ruth Reynders Charlotte Candy Lucille Robson Claire Stritzinger Elizabeth Johnston Jean Bundy

Miriam Belber



Le Cercle Française

President	PHYLLIS HESSIN
Vice-President	Eva-May Mortimer
Secretary	Sylvia Starr
Treasurer	BELLA JACOBS

Members

Dorothy Adams	Florence Merritt
Patty Berkson	Eleanor Parsons
Marie Boucher	Elizabeth Ramsdel
Mary de Wolf	Charlotte Russell
Annette Durkee	Mary H. Swartzell
Estelle Jenney	Mildred Whyte
Mildred McCutcheon	Jerry Wilder



Spanish Club

President	ESTHER	Adams
Secretary	HELEN	PERRY
Treasurer	MARIE B	OUCHER

Members

Elizabeth Barden	Isabel Lummus
Sarah Barnum	Louise Luscomb
Helen Black	Ruth Martin
Carrie Bland	Ruth Mayes
Charlotte Candy	Elin McCartney
Ethel Clow	Helen McIntire
Pauline Gagne	Marion Miles
Edith Hadley	Lucille Norris
Dorothy Hagadorn	Esther Palmer
Harriet Harvey	Maria Parry
Anna Hendee	Dorothy Pearson
Lucille Hopkins	Eleanor Rinebold
Ruth Johnson	Ella Robbins
Gertrude Kendall	Catherine Ross
Helen Landon	Frances Royce
Margaret Lonval	Charlotte Russell
Margaret Lucas	Elizabeth Saxton
•	

Dorothy Schumaker
Letitia Shepard
Marion Sinclair
Sylvia Starr
Dorothy Steele
Helen Strifert
Ruth Stultz
Helen Terry
Mabel Tyler
Alice Webster
Mildred Whyte
Martha Wilcox
Doris Woodruff
Gertrude Wragg
Alice Wry



Members of Bramatic Club

President	Matilda Daugherty
Secretary	Elsie Terhune
Publicity Manager	

Members

Adele Bigham Virginia Brunner Doris Nelson Esther Harvey Katherine Kelley Mary Elizabeth Jameson Marion Miles Helen Staples Margaret Bunnell Marguerite Murray Geraldine Wilder Evelyn Speed Louise Hegeman Muriel Greenough Julia Larrabee Helen Black Evelyn Ladd Maude Wilcox Frances Royce Claire Stritzinger

Gertrude A. Westerhoff

Ann Green

Marjorie Hitchens **Eva-May Mortimer** Margaret Gordon Elizabeth Lee Brenda Copeland Dorothy Redman Gertrude Bardwell Dorothy Biggin Anna Hendee Esther Palmer Phyllis Hessin Marguerite Virkler Louisa Mueller Emilie Brown Leonore Belber Barbara Pinkham Pauline Gagne Marion Simonds Sylvia Parker Carrie Bland Sylvia Starr



The Christian Endeabor and Missionary Society

These two organizations play an important part in the life of students at Lasell. Our Christian Endeavor Society meets every Friday evening and is led by the girls themselves. Once a month the Missionary Society takes charge of Sunday Vespers. The meeting is presided over by the President and the speakers are always intensely interesting. The money raised by the Missionary Society is distributed to meet different needs throughout the world.

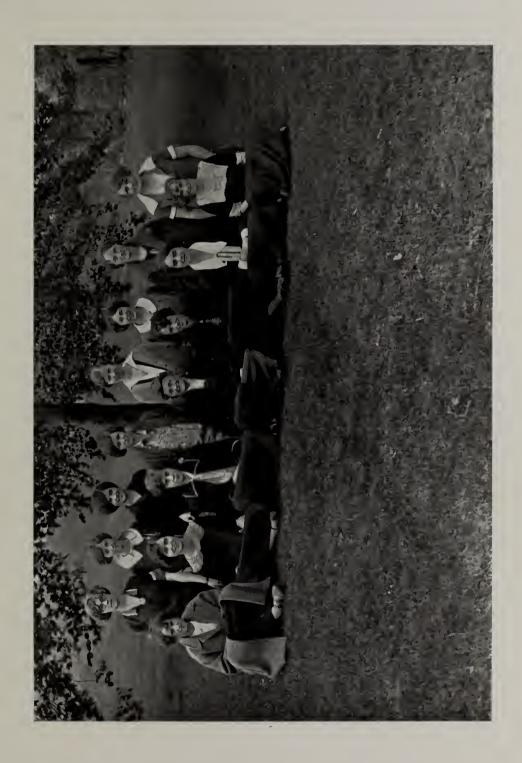
President of Christian Endeavor Helen Schroer

Officers of the Missionary Society

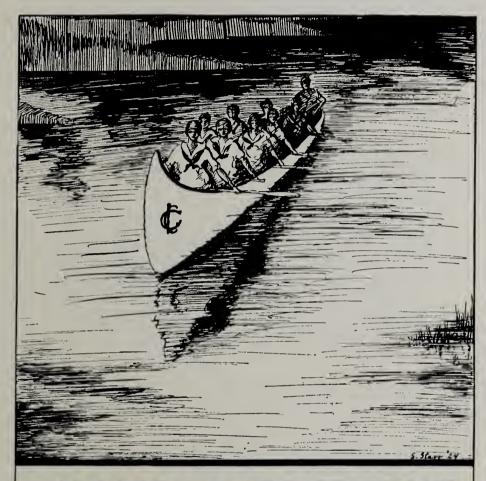
President	KATHARINE WEBB
Vice-President	KATHERINE KELLEY
Secretary	FRANCES BLISS
Treasurer	HAZEL SMALL
Auditor	Doris Lane

Advisory Board

MISS POTTER	ELIZABETH KAMSDELL	MARTHA FISH
	Aides	
DOROTHY PEARSON		Frances Finney
LUCILE HOPKINS		Helen Schroer
Doris Lougee		CHARLOTTE CANDY
MARGUERITE MURRAY		HELEN McNab
EVA-MAY MORTIMER		Marietta Chase
Marion Corbin		RUTH REYNDERS







SPORTS



Officers of the Athletic Association

President	Frances Badger
Vice-President	HELEN McIntire
Treasurer	BARBARA CUSHING

Wearers of "L"

Robbins****	L. Parry*	McIntire***
Badger***	Fairchild*	Greenough*
Redman**	Mortimer*	Buffington*
Clendenin**	Cushing*	Voltz*
McGee*	Barnum*	Saxton*
Hadley**	Jackson*	Love*



Hockey Team

Center Forward, Captain	EDITH HADLEY
Right Inner	Esther Fairchild
Right Wing	HELEN McIntire
Left Inner	ELLA ROBBINS
Left Wing	BARBARA CUSHING
Right Half Back	Victoria Jackson
Inner Center Half Back	BETTY SAXTON
Left Half Back	RUTH VOLTZ
Right Full Back, Manager	DOROTHY REDMAN
Left Full Back	RUTH BUFFINGTON
Goal	FRANCES BADGER



Baskethall

Forwards	Badger, McGee, Greenough
Guards	Redman, Barnum, Love
Center	CLENDENIN, Capt.
Side Center	Robbins
:	SUBS
Forwards	CHAMBERLIN, FAIRCHILD
Guard	PARRY
Center	Robson
Side Center	Cushing



Swimming Team

Members

Chase, M., Capt.

Wragg, G.

Bunnell, M.

Anderson, E.

McCaghey, A.

Ehrhart, M.

Parry, M.

Parry, L.





Mhat Alade From?

By Esther Palmer

What made Prom?

Why, the lovely girls, of course; some in their dainty, flower-like gowns, and others in their brilliant, high-colored, more startling ones. Pansies and hollyhocks vying with each other in a fascinating garden.

What made Prom?

Why, the *men*, of course; college and "prep" school "young hopefuls." How nice they all looked, and how gracefully they danced!

What made Prom?

Why, the presence of the beautifully gowned matrons and the well-groomed patrons, of course. What an air of dignity and distinction they lent to the occasion! What made Prom?

Why, the dinner, of course. Yummy! How good it tasted, from the fruit cocktail down to the demi-tasse and cheese'n crackers.

What made Prom?

Why, the beautiful decorations, of course. There were many "oh's" and "ah's" as we walked into the dining-room which had become a veritable fairyland. All the lovely pastel shades were in abundance. The delicate pinks, blues, yellows, greens, and orchids were used most attractively and uniquely. And the favors! What fun it was "busting" the balloons of the whirling, gliding couples. Above all, how resplendent was our Class Banner! How striking it was with its border of lights! What made Prom?

Why, the music, of course. Billy Lossez and his unequalled "jazz-dispensers" certainly made our hearts beat faster, and our eyes sparkle more brightly. It was impossible to sit still when Billy wielded the violin-bow. Who is there who will not agree with me that the last five minutes made us wish that the evening was just beginning?

What made Prom?

Why, the happy, carefree, joyous atmosphere, of course. Old Man Worry and his colleagues found no place at Woodland that night. They were like some of the dear little Juniors who stood on the outside looking in.

Cheer up littlees, don't you cry, You'll have a Senior Prom by-and-by.

Girls, men, music, lights, noise, laughter—Prom, a huge success!





Processional	CLASS
Welcome	KATHARINE WEBB
Welcome Song	CLASS
Class Roll Call	Jocelyn Tong
"Strength to Conquer"	Maria Parry
Prophecy	/ Matilda Daugherty
	Mary O'Hare
	ELIZABETH ANDERSON
	CAROLYN VICARY
Mementos	ALICE McCagney
Songs	CLASS
Farewell	Frances Badger
Farewell Song	CLASS
Recessional	CLASS
Farewell to Bragdon	MIRIAM ELLSWORTH
Song to Bragdon	CLASS
Farewell to Gardner	DOROTHY REDMAN
Song to Gardner	CLASS
Farewell to Carpenter	DOROTHY BARNARD
Song to Carpenter	CLASS
Farewell to Hawthorne	KATHARINE KNOX
Song to Hawthorne	CLASS
Farewell to Clark	Elsie Terhune
Song to Clark	CLASS
To the Flames	PHYLLIS HESSIN

Melcome

By Katharine C. Webb

We have long anticipated this night, but now the time seems short as we look back. Here at last we are gathered for the purpose of celebrating these Class Night festivities. It is with special pleasure that we now welcome you, our friends.

Our fathers and mothers, it has been your love for us, your devotion to our happiness and future welfare that have made possible to us our years at Lasell. You have encouraged and spurred us on to attainment and made us eager to prove ourselves worthy. Without your presence here the occasion would lack its keenest delight; it is the crown of our joy this evening. You are more welcome than any words can tell.

And to you, also, our other guests from a distance, friends and relatives, we give glad welcome. Your presence also is a delight.

To you, Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, the center around which our school activities revolve, kindly friends to all your girls, and especially held in honor by our Class, we extend glad greetings.

For your many and ceaseless services to us, Miss Potter, we can find no words justly and fittingly to express our thanks. Our school days have been made the pleasanter and the richer for having had you for our friend and helper. With all our hearts we welcome you.

Mr. and Mrs. Towne and the Faculty, we feel honored to have you here this evening, recalling as we do in how generous and friendly a way you have ever responded to our need, not of instruction only, but also of inspiration in our upward climb.

Dear Sisters of '26, whose constant devotion and true affection for us have been among those things that have made this year at Lasell so nearly perfect, we give to you our heartiest welcome. We know that you will carry on the traditions of our Alma Mater, as we have earnestly endeavored to do.

Thrice welcome, '25! On the threshold of a new school year, and about to become yourselves the Seniors of Lasell. Rivals you have indeed been, but friends also, deep lodged in the hearts of '24. May your Senior year be as wonderful as ours has been.

Nor would we the less cordially greet you, our other schoolmates, who have been our true and loval friends.

Once again, a glad, glad welcome to you, one and all, on behalf of '24.

Class Hoem

STRENGTH TO CONQUER

Tonight, the Sea of Study crossed, We leave our mothership, Lasell; But pause a moment, e'er we part, To bid our admiral farewell.

Then eagerly we'll launch our ships And resolutely grasp the wheel To steer straight toward the port Success, Each sure of reaching that ideal.

The steersman must know well his port, Not think the goal each one he spies, For aimless coasting is their lot Who try each port that near them lies.

Across the deep lies, straight ahead, The shining city of our dream. For those who wish to find the course A star to guide them with its gleam.

Sail on, till true Success you've found, Look not for less, but rather more. "Strength to Conquer" is giv'n our pledge,— Fulfill that promise, '24!

MARIA PARRY.

The Class Hrophery of 1924

Scene GREEN GATE TEA ROOM, June, 1934

> Elizabeth Anderson CAROLYN VICARY MARY O'HARE MATILDA DAUGHERTY

Vic: I'm so glad we've ordered our tea! Now we shan't have to wait so long. TIL: My dear, doesn't this look natural? I can't realize that it has been ten years since we graduated.

MARY: I think it's divine we could all come back. Helen Strifert was so sorry she couldn't be here, but naturally she and Dottie Pearson couldn't leave their Mis-

sionary Home in China. Yes, Dottie finally got abroad.

Lib: Speaking of work, how do you like your work, Tillie? If anyone had ever told me that you of all people would be so enthusiastically teaching gym back at school! My dear, you never used to go, did you? I used to envy the excuses you made up. It's gorgeous that you got them to build the new gym and swimming pool.

TIL: My work? I love it! I was sorry Toots Ehrhart couldn't come back, but you know she is Matron of an Orphans' Home in New Mexico, and in her last letter she said she just couldn't bear the thought of leaving the dear kiddies, even to come to our reunion.

Vic: What do you think? I've just had a letter from Fran. Badger. She's a wreck because she can't be here for our tenth reunion. You know she expected to come, but her work as head of the Woman's Democratic League at Washington demands so much of her time as simply to make it impossible for her to come. Yes, she's quite the leader in Washington. Her speeches are famous, and she is so busy she hardly has time for her husband and children.

MARY: Imagine my surprise when I got off the train at Auburndale yesterday, to find Elsie Terhune and Alice Dick driving the taxis. Oh, yes; they said they had bought out Mr. Melody. Lasell Girls never think of walking anymore. Isn't it funny that Virginia Stevens and Ella Robbins should still be in Auburndale? That confectioner's store in the new building next to the Post Office is theirs, isn't it? you hear from Esther Adams, Lib?

Lib: Oh, she's running a very successful Interior Decorating Shop. And you'd never know her; she has become so dreamy and temperamental that she goes around looking through half-closed eyes, and she's very absent-minded. I wonder how she'll manage the business end of it. It was her firm that redecorated Bragdon Hall, and now they've started on Gardner.

Vic: My dear, wait till I tell you! Betty Barden is running a school for farmerettes down on the Cape. Yes, the farm has been turned into a regular agricultural

school.

TIL: Did you get the latest copy of the Leaves? It had more things in it about our class! Here, listen to this: "Our dear Helen Robson, who has just graduated from a hospital training course in Chicago, writes that she has just returned from a visit with Bernice Parker, '24. She reports that dear Bud has six nice children, and that her home is run in perfect order.

"We are thankful to have Esther Palmer with us all the time now. Since Mr. Towne's classes in Sociology have become so popular she is no longer his understudy, but his assistant."

"Eleanor Parsons, '24, is leading lady in a series of French plays now running at Copley Theatre. We hope all our Little White Doves will have the opportunity to see her."

Isn't it fascinating to find out what all the girls are doing? Did you know that Eleanor Rinebold and Frances Royce are teaching aesthetic dancing at Theodore Kosloff's School in New York? Mary, what do you hear from Jumpy Norris?

MARY: Why, Jumpy has a farm in Wyoming, specializes in cultivating hops.

Lib: There goes Elsie Duffy. Doesn't she look well? You knew she was the head saleswoman at Marie Boucher's Shop in New York? Marie has the most exclusive shop: and her prices—well, I just can't go there often. Duffy has quite the reputation; they say a customer never gets away empty handed from her. It seems to be quite a Lasell Institution. Louise Titus is head model. Oh, I was going to tell you this! I went to a huge charity tea at Miriam Ellsworth's last week. She has a gorgeous house on Long Island,—always open for something. There's to be a Red Cross Benefit Bazaar there next Saturday. They call her Lady Bountiful; she is all right. Every one was there and we heard more news. Edith Hadley-she's assistant in Spanish at Lasell now-was there, and she says she and Senora get along divinely. You would die at her; continually going off into Spanish, and half the time she's putting Spanish words in. Anna Hendee came in late; she's all business now that she's on the Boston Transcript Staff. Oh, didn't you know? She's writing the "Advice to the Lovelorn," and they say her column is attracting so much attention that it's painful. She's very literary now,—wears big bone glasses with a black ribbon, high collars and tailored suits. And Phyl Hessin-I had tea with her,-has taken up educational work, and is specializing in the Junior School. She's very successful, because she always has time for so many. The youngsters naturally adore her.

VIC: Lib, how is the Anderson Zoo progressing? Didn't you know about it, Mary? Lib has a Zoo in Indianapolis, and gets along wonderfully with the animals because she gives all of them individual care. I was reading in the *Sporting News* this morning that Avis Ballou is the National Woman's Golf champion. Next month

she's sailing for Africa to try her luck at African golf.

MARY: Yes, I know. And she wrote me that Doris Woodruff is going with her to continue her research work in Egypt. She said Hazel Small has a huge amusement park at Old Orchard Beach, Maine, with Sylvia Starr in charge of all the pop corn stands. Maude Wilcox is making a name for herself by her clever tight-rope walking in a side show connected with the park. Oh,—and the last time I was in New York, I went to that queer little hole in Greenwich Village called the Pirate's Ship, only to find Isabelle Varney the proprietor.

Vic: Speaking of places to eat,—did you know Marge Aitken was running one of Child's Cafeterias in Kalamazoo, Michigan? I imagine she's making a big thing

of it because eating always was one of her strong points. And my dear, Del Bigham owns the cutest little Bird and Gold Fish Store on the East Side in New York, but they say that it is only her devotion to her work that keeps it from Waning.

MARY: Girls! Last week I went to Keith's, and,—my dear! Marjorie Jaggar and Marguerite Robinson were top liners,—trapeze work,—it was wonderful! The

audience was spellbound.

Lib: Here come Peg Lonval and Honey Perry. They haven't changed a bit, have they? Peg runs a huge Permanent Wave Shop in Lynn. It's the best for miles. Her hair tonic, too, that she has just put on the market is a wonder. Will you ever forget how she and Esther Palmer struggled nightly with their waves? Dot Redman is the head marceller and her new invisible hair net, guaranteed to hold the hair in place, is famous. And do you remember Barbara Pinkham, and her trials in sewing? My dear! she has one of the new electric motor sewing machines so that, thank goodness! she can let her feet rest while her hands work. She and K. Knox are positively rolling in wealth. They put it on the market together, and are now living in an apartment in New York.

MARY: Do you know that yesterday afternoon Rags and I went to Waltham, just for old times sake, and—who do you think was conductor on the trolley? Gerry Wilder!

TIL: What's Rags doing, anyway?

MARY: Gertrude Wragg? Why, she's demonstrating Knox Gelatine at all the big stores in the country.

VIC: It's funny, but Mabel Bavier and Edith Clendenin are among the few members who have gone in for matrimony. Yes, Mabel has gone to Hollywood, and she and her movie-actor husband are reported to be getting along finely. Edith still clings to the Army life; she has married a divine Major, and settled down at Fort Sheridan. They say her home just radiates hospitality.

Lib: Our class really seems rather famous. Ruth Johnson has just signed her

second contract with Valentino. Indianapolis is proud of her all right.

MARY: Oh, yes; and Sylvia Levi, my dear! she was Pearl White's understudy! When Pearl retired Sylvia took the stage, and—well, there's no comparison. She's simply taken the country by storm. And Helen Staples and Marguerite Murray are top-liners in Barnum and Bailey's great International Circus. You'd know they would be together. Remember how you couldn't pry them apart at Carpenter?

TIL: I've just had a letter from Bobby Niday. She's a great success as a member of the Bar. She has been trying Peggy Hall's breach of promise suit, but since Peggy has a fraternity pin at last, her lawcase won't trouble her any longer. Do you remember Florence Merritt's attachment for telegrams? It seems to have had such an attraction for her that now she's working in a Western Union Office.

VIC: A few weeks ago I saw a huge sign in Buffalo, something about Barnard-Bliss Beauty Bungalow. I went in for a facial, and whom should I see but Dorothy Barnard and Frances Bliss. Frances has invented a lotion guaranteed to stop blushing. Brenda Copeland, too,—have you heard about her? She has the most wonderful dog kennels; they are said to be the finest in the State.

TIL: That reminds me. I heard from Gert Westerhoff recently, and although she has married an Oxford man and is living in London, her pet hobby is raising pedi-

greed cats. Didn't she graduate from your school, Vic.?

Lib: By the way, Vicary, how is the school for voice culture prospering? You always did say, "Shakespeare loved a low-voiced woman." I might know you and Alice—Oh, didn't you know that Alice McCaghey was with her, Tillie? Yes, indeed! Alice has charge of the Dramatic Expression Department, and Vicary—well they both train the voices, and they finish them well, too.

MARY: I can't get over Kay Webb's being the traffic cop in Times Square. Try to get by her. What happened to Pep Schroer, Vicary? I tried to ask her last night,

but there was so much excitement I couldn't.

VIC: Pep? Oh, she's running a huge millinery store. She has several other side lines. The latest is auctioneering. People just naturally buy from her, and the way she sells things at auctions! I had lunch with Jocelyn Tong the other day. I met her after her morning kintergarten session. Oh, didn't you know she was a kindergarten teacher? She says she loves it, and that she even teaches Sunday School, too.

Lib: She doesn't have to do it at all, because her stock in the O Boy Gum Company keeps her income way up high. But she loves the children so that she can't keep away from them.

TIL: I was going to ask you whether any one has heard about Isabelle Lummus?

LIB: Yes, I saw her at the Woman's Club the other afternoon. She was the speaker. Her lectures on modern problems are the talk of the day. She's making fabulous sums, and she's dated for lectures for months to come.

MARY: That reminds me, Ruth Stoneman has turned Socialist,—gone into it heart and soul! Every Saturday night you can see her on some busy corner in Cleveland making those violent speeches. And Alice Wry, though you probably won't believe it, is her partner. What one can't think of, the other can. And Lillian McGee—let's go down to her tea room to-morrow. It's called the "Scarlet Feather," and I hear it's quite Bohemian for staid Old Boston. Do you remember Claire McGoldrick? I had announcements of her wedding the other day. Let's see, she married the Mayor of Toonerville, Texas.

VIC: Speaking of Texas, can you imagine Helen Terry on a ranch? Married to some dare-devil Dick, and quite the cow-girl! Oh, I know what I wanted to tell you—Arline Lougee and Doris Lougee are making a fortune in the Follies. They are called the "Twin Lougees," and New York is wild about them.

TIL: I hear Mahzie Parry has bought up all the Douglas Shoe Stores, and the business is booming. But this is the funniest, that sister of hers, Lydia, of all people, graduating from a Theological School! Last month when I was at the Automobile Races in Indianapolis, I was so proud that a Lasell girl should come in first that I nearly fell off the grandstand. Yes, Betty Cottrell! and my dear, she drove like greased lightning!

Lib: Isn't it nice that Peggy Bunnell has such a nice position with Cook's Tours? She takes parties abroad, and they say she doesn't miss a thing. I sat with Lee Belber coming out on the train, the other day. She has a branch of her father's

business, manages the Belber Suitcases, which are being recommended to all Lasell girls.

MARY: Is it true that Bertha Krakauer has married a man who has charge of

all the big bull-fights in Madrid? I suppose she's very happy.

TIL: Oh, hello there! Did you see who that was? Marjorie Needham! Doesn't she look fine? I hear she's one of the faculty now. Yes, she has Miss Rompkey's position. And Billie Chase is famous in the advertising business. Do you remember how we struggled getting ads. for *The Lamp?* Apparently that experience helped her a lot, by making her so very well known. Do you remember how religiously Gertrude Bardwell used to diet? I received a pamphlet from her the other day, announcing that she has invented a sure reducer, no diet, drugs nor exercising. It certainly sounds promising.

VIC: Remember how Honey Perry used to read the Bed-Time Stories aloud to us at the breakfast table every morning? Did you know that she is writing them now for the New York Times, and making huge sums broadcasting them on the radio

every night?

Lib: Have you read Mary deWolf's and Pauline Gagne's last book on philosophy? And did you know, that Mildred McCutcheon and Alice Webster are their book-agents? I never supposed being a book agent would be thrilling, but they are

so swamped with orders that they hardly have time to turn around.

TIL: My dear! Look at that bunch of Seniors at the next table. Don't you adore the way they wear their caps and gowns now? Why, they have colored shoes and belts and Buster Brown collars. Elizabeth Frick, as head of the dress committee, has certainly created some cute styles. I can't realize that the dining room is the same place where we squabbled over tables. Mary, you've certainly been a success as dietitian. The a la carte system was a success, wasn't it? I just wondered, do you do much work?

Vic: You know what this reminds me of? My dear, this is really funny. Why, we are the very ones who wrote our class prophecy. Isn't it screaming that we

should be back together again!

TIL: Will you ever forget the Sunday afternoon when we sat for hours and thought and thought and thought? We imagined that we were planning great futures for the girls—but truth is stranger than fiction, and they've all outstepped our estimations.

LIB: I only wish that the entire class of us could be together now, to talk

this over. We'd have many a laugh over it.

TIL: What's that! The church clock striking 5:30? Mercy! but we'll have to hurry to get up to Main Building in time to dress for dinner and the Class Night exercises.

Mementos

By Alice McCaghey

For you, dear Sophomores, and sister class, we feel the warm affection which springs from long and faithful good fellowship. With deep regret, then, the Class of 1924 bids you adieu. You have been true and loyal sisters, ever ready to contribute to the happiness of the Seniors and often in the years to come shall we think of you, never forgetful of your devotion to us and of your willingness to serve us at any and all times. Tonight we leave with each of you a parting gift. And to this we join one heartfelt wish that when you in your turn shall have become dignified and staid Seniors your sister class will make you as happy in your seniorhood as you have made us.

Members of the Class of 1925, dear Juniors all, although we have indeed been rivals through and through, and lo! these many months have at times appeared even to be your enemies, you must never lose sight of the unshakable fact that this rivalry of ours has in reality been a friendly one, and that we have loved you from the first moment we saw you. It has, as you know, long been the custom of the Seniors to remind the Juniors on Class Night of sundry mistakes and miscalculations of theirs made during the year, and tonight I take great pleasure in presenting on behalf of the Class a few small gifts to certain of your members.

Eva May Mortimer:

We cannot allow this memorable Class Night to pass by without turning our thoughts for a little space to the hanging of our banner in Gardner Hall. Well do we all remember that fine sunshiny day of last October, on which Gardner with her sister houses kept Open House. Upon looking from a window in Gardner, one of us perceived you, Eva May, strolling up the walk, courteously carrying numerous packages for Miss Wright. What a shock of surprise must you have had when, on reaching the step, you learned that you were not to be admitted to that hospitable hall, before so freely open to you. But, really, you couldn't have expected to be received, now could you? Did you think that you, by your lone little self could, if once you entered Gardner, actually prevent the hanging of the banner of '24? Or, did you even think yourself privileged enough to be allowed to witness that first Senior event of the year? This thing, however, we must admit, that you showed more enthusiasm on that particular day than did the other members of your class. Will you not accept from us this tube of tooth-paste, recommended to hasten, painlessly, the growing of wisdom teeth. If used daily one cannot help becoming wiser, and thus acting more intelligently as the desirable grinders advance to maturity.

May they all be sufficiently developed in 1925 to make impossible such lamentable lack of judgment as these cases imply to which I have referred.

Ruth Buffington:

We know, "Buffie," you meant well when you wrote that article on Junior elections for the *Leaves*. But did you not give away a big secret, one that the class had with exceeding care tried to conceal, when you disclosed therein to the entire school the fact that all of you left your rooms at 4:30 A.M.? Perhaps the Juniors, as a class, are privileged characters; but you know that the time rigidly set for things of that sort at Lasell is 6:00 A.M. Therefore, "Buffie," I give you these blue books, that you may read and ponder the laws laid down by the school and may hereafter abide by them. Such of these books as you do not need you will kindly pass around to some of the officers of your class, that they, too, may absorb the contents, and be governed thereby.

Katherine Kelley:

Well, here's our little "Katy" Kelley, "Katy." who is forever running after some Senior in order to waylay her with the famous "Kelley line." It is the wish of every Senior that next year you try to improve your line; for if you don't we are afraid that you will henceforth be less fortunate than you have hitherto been with the members of the present Senior class in your efforts to inveigle some of your little classmates to follow closely in your footsteps. We know, "Katy," that there is hardly a Senior whom you have not tried to enchant with your wicked line. And, lest next year you should meet with the same rebuff, we give you this line, that you may tie it to each victim and thus keep her close to you always. In this way none will have the slightest chance to withdraw from your ever steady grasp.

Ruth Voltz:

There's such a thing as being on deck, Ruth, at the proper time; but also of over-doing things. We all recall the night of Sophomore elections when some of the Juniors made themselves known. I suppose you thought it a good time to become acquainted with the Senior class; you most certainly gave yourself quite an introduction. But we surely did enjoy the little bout you gave us. That all occurred because of Sophomore elections; but I wonder what else might have happened if you had known that we were going to take caps and gowns that night, and that at that moment the caps and gowns were concealed not more than a few feet from you.

Tonight the Senior Class wishes to leave with you this pair of eye-glasses so that next year you may look ahead a few feet more and make a good job of whatever task you are trying to accomplish.

Glenna Bullis:

Glenna, dear, it seems quite appropriate at this time to include you with the girls to be slammed. Now about that key to the door of the dining room! You forgot, didn't you, that considerably less time than five minutes is necessary for a Senior to see what is before her eyes, and to decide on whatever action may be necessary in the case. Else never would you have been so rash as to lay down that precious key where we could—and did—find it. After that no amount of dining room advertising of your loss served to restore it to your careless fingers again. The Seniors enjoyed those veiled proceedings for the restoration of that key. But key or no key, Glenna, we were mistresses of the art of entering the dining room when we wished, and it was to no purpose that you lugged the key around till you lost it.

The Seniors take great pleasure in presenting to you a gold chain that in another like emergency you may carry the key safely on this, worn around your neck, from now on when you have occasion to use it and never have fear of losing it.

Jessie Matteson and Patty Berkson:

It is good to be able to pay compliments to two such deserving members as you are. The Class of 1924 is rightly proud of you as are the members of your own class.

To you, Jessie, President of your class: You have led it through victoriously, never forgetting to show the proper spirit at the proper time, and because you are so true blue, your classmates are also.

And may I say, Patty, to you, that the Class of 1925 has in you not only a jolly good song leader but also a clever member, and one who has made many friends in the Senior class, because of your true Lasell spirit shown this past year.

Farewell Address

By Frances W. Badger

The end of a memorable year is at hand, a year long to be remembered by the Class of '24; and before us lies the turn in the road along which we have so quietly been traveling—then a change of direction. Tomorrow comes Commencement—truly a commencing of new things for us, who have learned to love this old road of School Life, and shall leave it with regret.

Our Class Night festivities are on. How longingly have we anticipated this night, how reluctant we are to have it pass as other less distinguished nights have passed, leaving us only a cluster of sweet memories to cherish! Years ago when first we set out upon our student adventure we had little understanding of its real meaning and purpose; today there flashes upon us the sharp realization of the significance of life, and the effect of our student years upon its outcome. Tomorrow a task beckons, a fresh incentive to worthy living, and a sharpened sense of our responsibility so to act as to reflect honor upon our Alma Mater, dear Lasell.

Tonight it is ours to say farewell to those who have made our life here happy and successful by their friendship, their co-operation, counsel, and faith in us.

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow, we have been privileged indeed to have as Lasell Seniors the advantage of such helpful and pleasant associations with you. In times of perplexity you have aided us often by your wise and kindly advice, as well as by more material assistance when that was needed. The gracious hospitality of your home has been ours and the pleasure of your personal friendship. In our farewell to you we are gratefully mindful of these things.

Words can but poorly express, Miss Potter, our love and appreciation of you. In this hour we remember with renewed sense of obligation your many gentle services to us—how ready with comfort and counsel, how staunch and standing by us, how tireless in efforts to lead us aright. Most fortunate are Lasell girls to have you as their friend! Whether we are here or far away, we are always your girls; and in a sense we can never part from you.

Mr. and Mrs. Towne,—you also have borne a part in making our Lasell days pleasant and profitable for us. Often has the path been smoothed by your kindness and patience; and when in coming years we think of you it will be as dear friends.

Our teachers, among our many debts to those at the School, we reckon by no means least what we owe to your constant endeavor, kindly consideration, and comradely spirit in your work with us and for us. We may, after the manner of youth, be glad of release from tasks, yet we say good-bye to you regretfully, you who have so long and generously spent yourselves in our service.

Juniors all, Seniors of tomorrow, our rivals though you have been, you have also been, you will ever be, our friends, too, true blue, a company we are glad to know; and in saying good-bye to you we would bear hearty testimony to your lovable qualities, to your worth, and to the contribution you have made to the delight of our year. May others as fine as you fill your places and make your Senior year as happy and successful a year as you have helped make ours.

Sophomores, Sister Class, you have ever been all that could be wished. Our love for you needs no words; you know it well. We bear you with us in our hearts.

We do not forget, either, our schoolmates in general. With genuine regret we leave you. To you our year owes many of its joys, and we shall remember you most kindly.

And now, dear Seniors, Classmates of '24, how hard it is to close fittingly this Class Night festivity in a farewell! As a student group we shall soon cease to be; as an unbroken circle we shall, in all human probability, never again come together after tomorrow. In the coming years of separation let not our mutual friendships die—many, many times in future days will the hearts of every one of us turn in longing to the dear Senior friends of nineteen hundred and twenty-four. An ardent wish for all possible joy and happiness goes out to you in this closing hour—and our "Strength to Conquer" this, our life long aim, we shall attain in the conflicts of life of which we are about to take part, and through these conflicts in our lives, too, we shall best prove ourselves worthy to be called women of Lasell. In honoring her we shall best do honor to ourselves. A faithful class you have been!

Farewell, Lasell——Goodbyc, '24.

Farewell to Bragdon

By Miriam L. Ellsworth

Here tonight, with loving hearts, we, the class of '24, gather to bid a fond adieu to you, dear Bragdon Hall. Very fitting is it that we should pay first to you our tribute of "fond farewell," for of all our school activities you have been the heart and core.

Pleasant is it to muse of the happy times had within these welcoming walls; of the true and loyal friends we have made here, both among our fellow students and among our teachers, of all that we have gained here, both in mind and spirit. In the classrooms we have gained much which will be of value to us in after years. In the chapel, where we have gathered daily for morning worship and for Sunday evening vespers, we have found the key to some of life's deeper problems. And with classroom, and lecture, and chapel memories come other, more rollicking ones, of the many entertainments and school-girl frolics enjoyed here—all have had their part in our molding and shaping.

Then there's our Senior Room, one place where only Seniors may gather for study and the discussion of the thousand causes of perplexity or of excited interest. Always has this room been dear to the hearts of Lasell Seniors; the Class of '24 is no exception.

Shall we not give just a word to our Senior tables in the dining-room where we had the feeling of being in our own castle, so to speak, and the meal hours passed swiftly and merrily?

Of all the dear memories of Lasell none will be dearer to us in coming days than the memory of Miss Potter. Can any Lasell girl think of Bragdon Hall without thinking of her, dear Lasell Mother that she is? Always sympathetic, always helpful, always cheery, and inspiring cheer in us.

Again farewell, dear Bragdon Hall, Precious and dear to us, one and all. Tho' far away we shall see you still Serene and calm on your old loved hill.

Farewell to Gardner

By Dorothy Redman

How can mere words express our thoughts as we come together tonight, for the last time, before Gardner? In reality Gardner Hall will no longer be visibly a part of our lives; but in another sense it will always be. There are some things to which we can never say farewell—the friendships made and the bright memories of happy days spent together here—these will continue to live though the miles separate us in the years to come.

Of the future we cannot be sure. Of the past we may; and our days in Gardner have become to us a priceless treasure; our close association here has bound us inseparably with the bond of true friendship, and although we part that bond can never be broken.

Together we have shared the joys and sorrows of every day, learning thus the higher joy of true living. How can we fitly express what we feel at this our own Commencement season, this last occasion of our being together as a class? The future beckons and we would fain tread its paths; yet still the memories of the many happy experiences of this our last school year hold us.

Gardner, though our farewell to you is joyous with the memories of our glad Senior Year, it is nevertheless sad also, since in leaving you we must leave, too, the school day delights that have made you dear.

Standing here together before departing, Gardner, we bid farewell.

Harewell to Carpenter

By Dorothy Barnard

Gladness fills our hearts at the passing of some days,—those are the days that have brought us trouble or sorrow, vexation or foreboding; sadness attends the coming of others,—those are such as have been filled with joy and contentment, with light and laughter. Our school days at Lasell have been happy ones, and those of our sojourn here at Carpenter among the happiest of them all. Naturally, then, I stand here tonight, sad and regretful, to bid farewell to this beloved Senior house, our Carpenter, which in the swift passing months we have come to love so well. A merry, comradely band have we been, "the Carpenter girls," this year. Never have I met a more hospitable and open-hearted company than they, and my regret at the closing of our Senior year, and the necessity of leaving our school home is tempered with grateful pride that they have chosen me, their classmate by adoption, to voice our last farewell to dear old Carpenter.

Never surely in all the years have these walls resounded with more wholesome and wholehearted merriment than that of this year. Each girl's birthday has been celebrated with delicious "eats" and a general good time. These and many other hours of jollity and good-fellowship are now to become only a memory, but a memory that will in the coming days be a source of joy unfailing and will have permanent influence for good upon our lives. There has been among us a spirit of hearty coöperation, of sincere interest in one another, and of true family feeling, all of which have mightily endeared to us these sheltering walls. We have felt especially privileged to have as our house-mates and counselfors: Mrs. Saunders and Miss Dudley. Since Mrs. Saunders has herself a daughter she has been the more able to mother us, has had a deeper understanding of our youthful ideas and conduct, of our faults and virtues. Ever ready to help and advise us, she has won not alone our deepest respect, but our sincere affection as well. Miss Dudley, too, nearer ourselves in age, has been both our friend and our inspiration. Besides these, there is our sweet-spirited matron and housekeeper, Mrs. Joy—"Mother" Joy, we call her, and I need not remind any Carpenter girl how fitly the name expresses her nature. How often has she brought us tea and toast when we especially crayed such comforts! and how unfailing have been her sympathy and her outflowing spirit of joy!

Time fails in which to sing the praises of our home, to express our appreciation of its many sided delightsomeness. But always, Old House, shall we enshrine you in our hearts, you and all for which you have stood to us of '24. Farewell, dear Carpenter, farewell!

Farewell to Hamthorne

By Katharine Knox

To you, dear Hawthorne, we now must bid farewell. You have indeed been a home to us throughout this memorable year; we have come so to love every nook and corner within your walls that when in future years we shall recall our happy Lasell days you will be paramount in our thoughts. We feel that you belong primarily to us, for though for several years you had been cold and unreceptive toward Lasell girls, for us,—irresistible us—your doors were again opened and your windows alight with welcome. Many and precious are the memories of pleasant evenings spent around your hearth, of gay laughter resounding through your halls, of happy converse with friends, of blissful rest after days of weary toil.

Though our number is small we flatter ourselves that it is but another instance of good things being found in small packages. We were fortunate in never having our family group broken during the entire year.

To Miss Johnson and Miss Stewart we take this opportunity to express our very deep appreciation and love. They have done much to make our year one never to be forgotten.

Sad indeed is it to realize that you are no longer to be ours. In the future we shall feel envious of those girls who may be fortunate enough to spend a school year within your cozy walls.

We must say good-bye, but through all the years to come your influence will be as a shining light to guide us. Farewell, dear Hawthorne, farewell.

Harewell to Clark

By Elsie A. Terhune

We gather now once more at your threshold, dear Clark, for the time has come to bid farewell to you who have sheltered us during this our Senior year.

You have been more than a shelter, you have been our home. We have learned to love every nook and corner of your quaint, rambling hallways and winding stairs. How much you have heard, dear hospitable rooms of Clark, of our laughter, our dancing, happy songs and strains of violin. You have often seen us gathered for our cozy Sunday night teas and for those festive birthday parties. Yet not alone has it been joy that you have seen; some of us have had sorrows to be comforted here. Still for the most part you have seen girls happy and joyous, forgetting cares and worries within your cheery homelike walls. And here it has been that we have learned to respect the routine which we at first so resented.

Sixteen of us have this year lived together as a truly united family, and have found in every girl of us ready sympathy in sorrow and a friendly readiness to share our joys. It does not seem possible that a whole school year has elapsed since we first came together here, not indeed as strangers, but as a friendly group from our happy Woodland family of last year! With us came our house-mother, Mrs. Furlong, who with her motherly guidance and loving care has made you seem a true home to us throughout this memorable nineteen twenty-four. And Ruth, also, has been one of us, entering into our enterprises heartily and with as much anticipation as we, ourselves; while Roger has played the part of small brother, always full of fun, always at any time willing to run our errands.

In the days to come, as we journey along life's highway, our memories will often turn back to our Lasell days, and we shall realize more and more as the years slip past that, greater than the lessons learned in the class room, have been, and will continue to be, the love, the faith and the understanding of our family life here in nineteen twenty-four. Now, that the end has come, dear old house, with hearts filled with love which no words can express, we can only say, "Farewell, farewell, farewell."

Flame Speech

By Phyllis Hessin

We have gathered here tonight to observe an ancient custom, that of casting our troubles into the kindly flames that consume them with a will and wholeheartedness which makes their unwelcome reappearance impossible.

Like all the generations before us, our school life has been filled to the brim with fun, happiness and friends. But every rose has its thorns—life was no more meant to be entirely perfect in boarding school than anywhere else. So it is that we have had our petty annoyances that have loomed as large as mountains on our horizon, obscuring for the time being the sun and all the joys of earth. Yet if these flaws had not existed, it would have been harder for us to appreciate our pleasures to their fullest extent.

But it is the happy memories only of Lasell that we want to keep through the years to come, and so we grudge the unhappy ones even the smallest place. Therefore we say as we cast them in the fire—May they perish with the dying flames, never to haunt us more!

Ashes

By Brenda Copeland

Cold—cold and blustering were those winter nights, now past and gone! But always at the cheery fireside of Hawthorne did we find comfort and warmth. Pleasant gatherings have there been about its lighted hearth, and never shall we girls of Hawthorne forget those frequent happy parties and merry assemblies that occurred there in the warm glow, both of firelit hearth and of friendly hearts. Not since the days of those free and cordial social affairs have come to an end have we really thought what it was that gave us this gracious, welcoming fire—the trusty logs, which threw out their ruddy radiance that our hearts and faces might thereby be brightened and gladdened. And what flames those were! What lambent, leaping flames, beaming so warmly upon us as we entered the room from the chilly, snappy weather outside!

And now what is left, after these memorable nights? The cold, gray ashes! Yet with all their coldness and their grayness they cannot hide from the eye of memory the beautiful blaze in which lay their origin. Even though their presence was cause of rebuke for untidiness in our living-room, we hope that not every trace of those suggestive ashes has yet been swept away. We would look upon them yet once more; for by the crisp and crackling flames of the fireplace the girls of Twenty-four have enjoyed their best and most pleasant school year at Hawthorne.

Let those remembered flames then, girls, light our way through the years to come!

Clark Flame Speech

By Bertha Krakauer

Ransack and rummage everywhere to find something whose absence is preferable to its presence, something we may "cast as rubbish to the wind." We glance outside wearied by our hitherto fruitless labor, and there looms up before us the Jonah of Clark Cottage.

Thou Hill of Bragdon, the traditional sign and symbol of success! "So near and yet so far" do you seem to our aspiring eyes as we slam behind us the door of Clark, bent on the Alpine adventure of reaching as expeditiously as possible the door of Main. In mid-winter we sometimes attempt to scale your slippery slopes only to end at last exactly at our starting point, bewildered and indignant, and surrounded by a confusion of scattered spools, scissors, needle-books, unfinished sewing and a dismembered pattern; or worse still, perhaps the remains of a mandolin or an armful of books. Humbled, having no courage for a second attempt, we circle around thy heights by the unadventurous way of the street only to be greeted ere our journey is half done by the warning gong—Late! Late! Of course when airs are balmy, and the goddess Flora reigns supreme, no one would dream of treading down thy velvety summer beauties in defiance of the grim warnings, threats, and punishments that guard thy High Serenity. Shall we not then cast to the flames this evening a shovelful of earth feloniously abstracted at the dead vast and middle of the night from the steepest part of thy weary heights, O Bragdon Hill? We devoutly hope it may prove the first step toward the realization of our long time dreamed-of winding, flowerbordered pathway, or perchance a quaint ivy-covered brick walk, that shall yet lead from thy foot to gravelly brow,-the walk that shall bear the name the "Road of Grateful Hearts," bestowed by the girls of Clark as, surely, a bronze tablet shall declare. Therefore with this shovelful of earth we endeavor to bury all seeds of trivial discontent, all memory of words too quickly spoken, all bitter criticism of past trials; and from this earth may there blossom later the sweeter memories of our Senior year at Clark—the ever ready sympathy and helping hand, the love, the forgiveness, the understanding, the firm and unshakable foundation of our staunch and lasting friendship for Clark; not for a day, nor for a year, but for all time.

Carpenter Flame Speech

By Marguerite Murray

The fire is a custom traditional to Lasell and Class Night. It is usually thought of as a destroying agent, relieving the class of sundry long time sources of woe. But the flames have power not only to destroy things hateful and disturbing to our peace but also to consume as the altar flame consumes the things dear to the class, and for this reason offered in homage to our guide and protector, the great goddess of Wisdom, Minerva, whose we are and whom we serve. I offer here tonight in behalf of '24 as a sacrifice to the flames, this victrola, otherwise known as the "heart of Carpenter," and this we do that its memory may thus be the more surely preserved and that it may never fall, after our departure, into undeserving and unappreciative hands.

From rising bell to lights out the strains from this treasure box of melody have charmed the air at Carpenter, filling our hearts with gladness, lightening our steps, enlivening our spirits, and brightening the hours. Well may it be called a gloom dispeller, for many a moment has it turned from depression to one of gaiety and light-heartedness.

The hour is now upon us when no longer may its music fill the halls of Carpenter and our listening ears with joy. Singing its praise, into the flames do I now cast this heart of our house, an offering devoutly made to our Lady Minerva. Deign, O Lady of Light, to accept it and us!

Flame Speech

By Esther Palmer

STUDY HALL NOTES

If to breakfast you are late, From Miss Austin you'll get a date: On Monday morning, you well know To Study Hall you'll have to go.

If in the library you make a noise And for a moment forget your poise, On Monday morning, you well know To Study Hall you'll have to go.

If class begins before you're there, No matter how you rave and tear, On Monday morning, you well know To Study Hall you'll have to go.

And if in chapel you're not devout, But talk, and turn your head about, On Monday morning, you well know To Study Hall you'll have to go.

O notes, that tell us what to do!
O notes, that make our Mondays blue!
O notes, that give us so much pain!
O notes, that come as comes the rain!

No more you'll bear our ill-starred names. Begone into these waiting Flames. In future, since such notes we'll lack, On Study Hall we'll turn our back!

Harewell to Crows' Nest

By Barbara Pinkham

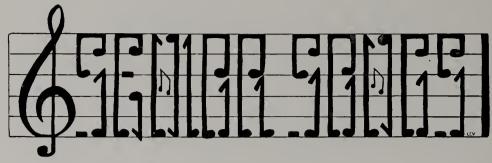
'Tis always hard to say farewell, yet since Father Time never rests, but constantly hurries us on, we are always coming to the end of one or another period of life and must ever press on further, parting from it with what grace we may. As our school life draws to its close and we must leave Lasell, dear Crows' Nest, we must also leave you, although our hearts are filled with rebellion and we are loath to say goodbye to so loved a haven of outdoor peace and rest. Many and many a time, when troubled and disappointed, we brought hither our woes and grievances to talk them over with sympathetic friends, you have given to our complaints and murmurs a patient and understanding bearing. Human you may not be, but you are certainly not inhuman. Yet not always were you called upon to listen to wailings. Laughter and happiness have more frequently been evident here in your sunny enclosure, whereat we know you rejoiced, glad in our merriment and pleasure.

Perhaps we have not visited you so frequently during the past year as we should have liked; but even so if was a comfort to us to know that you were here, ready and waiting for us, bidding us come up higher and live awhile with you.

We, the Seniors of '24, give to you, dear Seniors of tomorrow, class of '25, our Crows' Nest; give it both with sadness and with joy. In thus handing it down to you we are keeping alive a tradition of long ago, dear to our sisters who before us have laughed and learned at Alma Mater's knee. We know you will love it and guard it as we have done, finding a joy in its possession.

Old Nest, symbol of happy Lasell days, you will always be to us a reminder of gaiety and gladness, and as we bid you our last adieu we pledge anew our love and loyalty to our old school.

Farewell, dear Crows'-Nest-Farewell.



CAP AND GOWN SONG

To-night we come with a pledge to make, Of love and loyalty (To dear Lasell)

As these our caps and gowns we take, Our hearts e'er will faithful be, (To twenty-four)

And our lamps that we wear
With their light so bright
Will burn through all the years,
This night we'll remember forever more
Seniors of '24.

To "Ten Thousand Years From Now."

NEW GIRL—OLD GIRL DANCE

New girls welcome.
We welcome you here
And hope that now and all through the year,
You'll be as happy as can be,
You will be,
We know it
If you will try.
As each day passes on through the years
Each one will be
Just that much more dear,
Let's start right now to be loyal
To our dear Lasell.

To "No, No, Nora."

THANK YOU—SOPHOMORE PARTY

Dear Sisters, it's time now to bid our adieu, You don't know just how much we hate leaving you, But after we've gone away The memory will always stay, Dear Sophomores, we thank you Our love will be true.

To "Linger Awhile,"

SOPHOMORE FAREWELL

Dear sister class of ours, You've been so true; Oh, how we dread to bid Farewell to you. These days that we've spent here, Though far too few, Are with remembrance sweet, Just because of you. And now before we part We pledge our love. ('26 Farewell)

To "Gray Days"

THANK YOU

Sophomore Tribute

Sisters, thank you
For your tribute,
We love each flower so white;
It shows your true affection and your love for '24,
Which means more
To us all than you will ever know,
Dear '26.

To "Moonlight Kisses."

BASKET BALL SONG

Fight for Lasell, girls,
Play with all your might,
All in your places,
Hold that ball real tight!
We stand united
For we sure must win—
So fight forever,
When the game begins.

GOOD-NIGHT

Senior-Sophomore Party

Sisters dear,
It's good-night we sing;
But before you go we pledge to you
Our faithfulness, girls;
And through all
The years to come
We'll be true
Always to you
Dear '26 we sing Good-night.

To "Love is All."

WELCOME

Senior-Sophomore Party

Sisters, we welcome you here,
Our hearts are just full of cheer;
We have planned an eve of fun and frolic
For the class we love so dearly and so truly.
Sophomores, away with your cares
And we'll have some fun,
With a splish and with a splash
As through the water we will dash
Sophomores, come on and play.

To "Clarence."

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SWIMMING MEET

Juniors, Juniors, We've been thinking, What a poor school this would be If between our two classes There would be no rivalry.

Seniors, Seniors, Keep your rep, Show that you've got lots of pep, Plunge right in with all your might And we'll win this meet to-night.

Now we're going to show you, Juniors
What a fine team we have here,
See them swim and win the race
Come now, Seniors, give a cheer.

To "Reuben and Rachael."

WELCOME Senior-Junior Party

All hands on deck, girls,
We're ready to have a good time,
Sailing, sailing the brine,
It makes us so happy, to have you the guests
Of U. S. S. Lasell and 1-9-2-4,
So all aboard, '25, hope you'll come back alive,
From this cruise on this ship of ours.

"Join the Navy"

GOODNIGHT Junior-Senior Party

We love you so very much, girls, 'Tis hard now to say good-night, Each minute has been a pleasure, We want to thank you with all our might; And always you've been so true blue We never can forget. And now, girls, before we leave We sing from our hearts to you. ('25—good-night) So it's good-night, girls, Just good-night That we sing to you this song, Though the years may come between us, Memories of this night shall last; So we sing, girls, just good-night, In a good old-fashioned way, And the love we have for you will ever stay, So good-night, girls, just good-night.

"Remembering"

GOODNIGHT Senior-Junior Party

We are nearing shore,
Our cruise is o'er,
It is time to say adieu;
We've found happiness
With you, our guests,
Sailing on the ocean blue.
These good times we've had
Make our hearts feel glad
Tho' the parting hour draws near,
But these memories clear,
Last from year to year,
Now we sing good-night to you.

"Land Where Rainbows End"

S-E-N-I-O-R-S

That shall be our battle-cry,
Ringing clear in harmony,
Loyalty and might.
Singing all in unison,
Lead us on to victory,
For we shall sing thy fame,
We shall praise thy name,
And give three cheers for the Senior class.

SENIOR TABLE SONG

We've taken our Tables

Right before your eyes
Oh, Juniors, you shifters,
Aren't you surprised?
(Oh, No!)
You thought 'twould stop us to lock the door
But that's not enough to stop '24.
For—we've heard it's your class that is alive
But is this the pep of '25?
(I ask you?)
You've had your shifting

You've had your shifting
And all of them mob scenes
But we've turned the Tables now!!

To "Pretty Please." "I Love the Boys."

WELCOME (In tent)

Welcome, we welcome
All our friends and guests tonight,
It makes us happy
And it gives us great delight,
To have you with us,
On a night that is so dear,
And now we greet you all
With our love sincere.

HAWTHORNE FAREWELL

And now we leave you, Our Hawthorne dear, We bid adieu. Eves fill with tears. Your mem'ry we'll keep Within our heart, As we your Seniors Now from you part. In years to follow, Tho' far from here, We'll ne'er forget you, Our house-mates dear. We'll love and cherish The memories we hold dear, Just for remembrance We kneel before you, To our dear home—farewell.

BILLIE CHASE '24. "Just For Remembrance"

JUNIOR FAREWELL

To you, the class we love so well,
Dear '25, we sing our farewell;
So sad our hearts that our eyes fill with tears,
For this parting grieves us,
Juniors dear.
Though years that come may draw us apart,
Always you'll have the same place in our hearts.
Now with a sadness that we cannot quell
We now sing one last, one fond farewell.
"I Love You Truly"

FAREWELL TO CARPENTER

The time has come to sing farewell, Our hearts with growing sadness swell. Remembering hours within these walls Whose joy and dearness each recalls. Thus, Carpenter, we our voices raise In this our farewell song of praise.

DOROTHY BARNARD. "Just a 'Wearyin' for You"

JUNIOR SLAM SONG

Dear '25, you're a wonder, it's true, Much you've attempted to do this year through; What could we do without our '25? You are the class that has kept school alive. But, then,— Remember those times it took you To push your elections through? And-When you sneaked down to the cellar below, How did you pick out the right ones to go? Poor Woodland girls, who tore up here so fast, Only to find first elections were past. But, then,— Never mind, Woodland; your clocks were just slow, Now with some others we know that's not so. Some at the boathouse and some in the "vill"— That never worked out, and that never will! Then.— Remember that evening's uproar, When you chased the sophomores? For-You chased them, you traced them, Your rivals, your foes, While every moment your hopes rose. In spite of your renown You missed each cap and gown, Though hidden 'neath your very nose. That just reminds us of what plans You used to keep our tables under your hands, Tell a lie we cannot: Did it work? It did not! Next time, don't sit so tight. And— Remember— "With us you'll sit, tho' you don't like it one bit, one bit, To let you have your tables—that we cannot permit." So,— Come now, dear children, and take this to heart, Don't be discouraged at this foolish start; Success may come if you but persevere. P'rhaps you'll be better in your Senior year.

SENIOR CREW SONG

O Senior crew,
We're back of you,
For we are bound to win this day;
You'll hear the cry, "To do or die,"
You are a crew that can't be beat, (You are)
So give a cheer,
A lusty cheer,
And let the echo of it roar,
Pull with all your might,
And you'll win the fight,
You're the hope of '24.

PROCESSIONAL

Alma Mater, banner lifted high, Come we here tonight, Hearts aflame with longing, Thee to praise aright. True to the highest will we ever be, Bound in lasting union by our love of thee.

Chorus

Strength to Conquer, this our lifelong aim! Hard tho' the battle be,
Never, never will we yield,
Never will we flee.
Seeking victory
Through the future days,
Alma Mater, thus we'll lift
High our song of praise.

Tho' our hearts are sad
As parting hour draws nigh,
Still we'll face the future,
Hope and courage high.
In the years before us
What may come we cannot now foresee,
But we'll stand unvanquished, strong in unity.

TO YOU, LASELL

To you, Lasell, we ever will be true;
May ev'ry heart to the blue and white be ever faithful.
Long live her fame!
Though in years we part forever,
Let us to dear Lasell be always true!

Then, while our hearts for thee beat fond and true,
Thro' life we'll go with mem'ries clear of golden days
While praises we'll sing
Which will echo thro' the ages!
Then for Lasell we'll make the echoes ring.

RECESSIONAL

Oh! how lightly passed the days,
Spent with thee, Lasell!
How much they have meant to us
Hard it is to tell.
In our friendships we are bound
By our love sincere.
All these garnered memories,
We shall count them dear.

Chorus

Hear the song we raise to thee,— E'er to guard thee well! We'll be faithful come what may. Now we sing, Farewell!

Now to thee in reverent love,
All our hearts do bow.
As the time for parting comes,
Hear us as we vow:
Alma Mater, true we'll be,
Tho' we far may roam.
All our hearts belong to thee,
Our dear Lasell home.

IN MOONLIGHT REPOSING

In moonlight reposing,
Its charms all disclosing,
Our student home is shining on the hill.
Tonight we are singing,
Our voices are ringing,
Are ringing o'er the campus white and still.
Come, come, sing with a will,
Sing for old Lasell with a cheer!
While others are sleeping
We'll still watch be keeping
Our watch of songs o'er our Alma Mater dear.

GARDNER FAREWELL

To you, dear Gardner on the hill,

We come, as Seniors just once more before we part.

You've been a wonderful home to us all;

Our love for you holds a deep place in our hearts.

Here's where we've shared all our joys and our sorrows,

With these dear friends that we've grown to love so well.

Oh, how it breaks every heart now to leave!

And with this parting song to you our voices swell.

Farewell to thee, our dear old Gardner!

These happy days spent here will in our memories dwell.

Living in hopes that we all may return,

Now, dear old Gardner, we must say our last farewell!

"Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny"

FAREWELL TO BRAGDON

Bragdon, the center of our dear Lasell, Come we now singing this fond farewell. Loyally rings out our song of praise, Echoing forever on through the days. Dearer to us than ever before, Farewell, dear Bragdon, forever more!

—L. Norris '24.

FAREWELL TO CLARK

This is our song of sad farewell
To Clark our loyal home,
Scene of the brightest, happiest days—
That we have ever known.
We sing farewell forevermore,
How sad those two words seem,
Farewell tonight from '24
To you, dear Clark, farewell.

--D. Lougee.

FAREWELL TO CROW'S NEST

O Crow's Nest, pride of every Senior,
Ere '25 its banner raise
In token of its new dominion,
We lift our parting song of praise.
We treasure memories of our moments here;
In future days they will still brighter glow.
Now '24 to '25
Entrusts thee ere we go.

FAREWELL (IN TENT)

We'll live right on forever in the heart of our Lasell, How much we dread to leave her we can never, never tell. How memory's golden light will gild the thoughts of by-gone days. We must tread in other pathways, but where'er our steps may stray, We shall live right on forever in the heart of our Lasell.

"I Love a Little Cottage"



MEOW

Volume IV

Lamp Two

MOTTO

Why keep a memory book--let us keep one for you

CONTRIBUTORS

Jocelyn Tong '24

Elizabeth Anderson '24

Maria Parry '24

Ruth Buffington '25



JOSEPHINE CURRY

DEDICATION OF THE "MEOW"

To Jo, whose sympathetic interest has increased immeasurably our pleasure in carrying on her work, we dedicate this section.

A TALE-LIGHT
BLACK & WHITE
AND
READ ALL OVER



VOLTAGE 24 WATTS

APRIL

NEW QUOTA BILL FAILS TO PASS

Defeated by the Conservatives in Lively Session 36 to 6

An attempt was made by the Radical Bloc in Faculty meeting this morning to introduce a bill restricting the number to be admitted to Study Hall. Under the present arrange-ment no limit is placed upon the droves coming in every Monday, and it is felt by those who view with alarm the present trend of affairs, that this policy of non-exclusion, if continued, will lead to disastrous results to the community. The bill, which has gained many adherents among the Popular Party, will base the quota upon the average attendance of 1905, which, according to official estimates, was about seven and one-half persons. This would mean that each of the four Senior houses and Bancroft would be entitled to furnish one victim, and that from Main and Woodland, because of their greater size, one and one-quarter persons would be accepted. This measure was defeated by the Conservatives, who, under the able leadership of Miss Austin, maintained that the Study Hall by custom has been, and by right ought to be, a refuge for the undisciplined; and that to exclude from it members of any class or house is in direct violation of the traditions of hospitality of Study Hall, which have been the pride of our institution these many years.

THE DAILY DIRGE

"Gracious, what a week!" she moaned,
"Monday—Study Hall!" she groaned,
"Tuesday—Caps and Gowns, alack!
Wednesday—Orphean! I'm a wreck!
Thursday—Glee Club (three more groans).
Friday—Fish—those awful bones!
Saturday—There'll be rain no doubt,
Sunday—Church and can't get out.
So under the wide and starry dome
Please dig my grave and leave me alone."

MR. TOWNE OFFERS STU-DENTS NEW COURSES

Some Startling Features of the New Session

In chapel yesterday morning Mr. Towne announced a number of new courses which will be offered next year in addition to the regular courses.

He himself will have a course in charm, dealing with proved and accepted methods of attaining charm, and with the reason why it is indispensable in women. Miss Harrison will give a few students an opportunity to take an instructive and at the same time, very pleasant course in fishing. These lessons will be conducted at the pool, but will not take place during the swimming lessons, we understand, because the students are alleged to have such excellent lines that there would be danger of the swimmers swallowing the bait unintentionally. Besides these extras, Miss Johnson is planning a special course in the study of the Drama. One of the distinctive features of this course will be visits to the Waltham Theatre every evening and to some one of the Boston Theatres every Saturday afternoon for purposes of observation and discussion. This course, it is asserted, has already been signed for up to the limit, so that not all who may wish to take it will be able to do so.

ON THE RADIO

STA. NAP. Chapel. Stereopticon Lecture by Prof. Longwind, 4:30 P. M.
STA. EAT, Senior Tables. Dinner Music by "The Room-Mates," 6 P. M.
STA. ABC, Woodland. Bed-Time Stories, 9:45 P. M.
STA. YAP, The Back Fence. Solo by Perseus, 1 A. M.

Another Dumb One

Little Boy: Sheep are the dumbest animals. Mother (absently): Yes, my lamb.

WEATHER Class & Vicinity

1, 1924

NO CENTS

Foul

TEAM SENIOR SWEEPS TO VICTORY



SENIOR TIDDLE-DEE-WINK TEAM

Capt. McCaghey	Center Tiddle
C. Vicary	Right Tiddle
H. Schroer	Left Tiddle
F. Badger	Right Wink
J. Tong	Left Wink
K. Webb	Right Drawback
E. Anderson	Left Drawback
H. Perry	

E. J. CONDUCTS BIRD WALK

At four o'clock this morning a group of girls, under the guidance of Mr. E. J. Winslow, was seen leaving the grounds of Lasell Seminary for Young Women bent upon a hunting expedition. Intent upon their quest, they headed for the woods. The venture, as it proved, was a very profitable one, for the girls had the good fortune to discover a rare specimen of the Dodo high in a tree, where his brilliant plumage and nasal peculiarities made him a conspicuous object. One student whose eagerness in the sport, and her keen instinct for the quarry had led her away from the party, gave, on rejoining her mates later, a minute description of a mock-duck which she had caught napping among the bulrushes along the Charles. There were also found a number of the species "avis candelabra," ordinarily known as the corrugated heron, in the more deserted back-waters of various inlets.

Recent Match Brilliant Conquest For Black and White

Amid the thundering applause of the hundreds of wildly waving fans, the glorious Black and White Tiddle-dee-wink team swept on to the battle field at two o'clock yesterday afternoon. When the line-up was arranged, the air was electric. The whistle blew, the players leaped into action, and the game was on. Capt. McCaghey's eight were trained to teamwork that was perfect. With cool heads and smiling lips, these powerfully built athletes, straight, broad of shoulder, and with muscles of iron, played levelly and well. Goals were made in the first quarter by H. Schroer and F. Badger. At the end of the first half, when the teams lay breathless on the field, the score stood 10-4 in favor of the Seniors. In the interval between the first and the second halves, the Lasell Glee Club and the Mandolin Club kept the air lively with music. The second half began in a breathless silence, terminated by the blowing of the whistle. Then began the hot fierce struggle that finished the game. Grimly the teams fought with an unshakable determination, and an almost superhuman endurance. Then the whistle announced the close of the game, and victory for the Seniors. with the score of 19-24. The alert guarding of the goal by H. Bodwell Perry was especially noticeable. C. Vicary showed her metal by the lightning signals which she called from time to time. In the backfield, F. Badger and J. Tong in their positions as right and left winks, stood firmly, and in co-operation with these players K. Webb's splendid work as right drawback helped to make the team complete. Altogether the appearance made by the Black and White team, famous for its victories, was remarkable in every way. Big and strong and fine, they left the field, the pride of their class.

STUDY HALL'LL GET YOU

Oh, just lots of girls have come to Lasell to stay,

To learn their P's and Q's in quite the modern way.

"But suppose that you don't know what the lesson's about?"

Well, the study hall'll gct you, if you don't watch out.

And once when I was naughty,

And skipped a class or two,

The teacher up and caught me And sent me here like you.

So when your light-cut runs too late,

As light-cuts sometimes do, Just take a warning, friend o' mine, See that they don't catch you.

Cause if they chance to see that gleam

'Tis like, beyond a doubt, That the study hall'll get you

If you don't watch out.

And once when there were pickles parked our own room window near

E'en though they were not ours, you know, we came to join you here.

It makes no difference at all whatever it's about.

They'll put you here in study hall-if you don't watch out.

Enjoying the Wonders of Nature

Lydia (noticing especially brilliant star): Don't you love it! It looks like a particularly good bulb.

IN 1984

The hall is crowded. On the platform the lecturer is attempting to interest his audience in a prophecy of the political situation during

the coming year.
"With Mr. Smith in office, we have every reason to look forward with optimism to the outcome of the conference of Oshkosh, for I firmly believe that something good is surely coming-

An elderly lady (Lasell '24), slumbering in the rear, awakes with a start, leaps to her feet, and yells lustily, "Hurray! Hurray!"

TOWNE TOPICS.

"The sins of the father shall be visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generation."

"Power and pleasure—the creed of to-day." "Every woman should have charm."

"We are the chariots in which our ancestors ride."

OTHER BOOKS RECOMMENDED.

Dantes Inferno-Study Hall

The Return of the Native—Expelled Twice Told Tales-"But, Miss Wright, I

overslept!"

The Way of All Flesh-Restrictions Certain People of Importance—Seniors The Great Illusion-Junior's Idea of Own

Importance.

The Promised Land-Where bridge is permitted.

Anxiety Bated breath Confident Juniors Danger and Excitement in the air Fighting spirit Guards at every table (but one) Holding them tight but In vain Juniors pocketing the Key that Locked the back door (a Mere trifle to '24)

Not knowing they were Out of luck

Pep starting the song, Quite exciting

"Rah! Rah!" the signal which started the

Seniors, who Took tables triumphantly Under the Juniors' noses

Victory Won

XYZ The moral.

PAGE MISS SHAPLEIGH

On a quiz the other day one question was -A man buys an article for \$10.25 and sells it for \$6.75. Does he gain or lose on the transaction? Mugs turned in this answer-"He gains on the cents but loses on the dollars.

A visitor said to a little girl: "And what will you do, my dear, when you are as big as your mother?"
"Diet," said the modern child.

Father: "Why are your grades so low since Christmas vacation?

Jumpy: "Everything is marked down after Christmas."

Mrs.: "And is your charming son college bred?"

Mr.: "No. High School loaf."

THE JUNIOR WATCH This is the story of the Junior watch, a timepiece of renown, sometimes called an alarm clock, because it aroused them early in the morning; sometimes a radio-lite, for it could be plainly seen at night; sometimes an Ingersoll, because it was usually noisy; sometimes a travelling clock, because it was seldom stationary for more than a period. The watch, whose hands were set upon the tables, ran down every forty-five minutes, but never necded winding up. Another curious feature of this clock was its numbers. Instead of being numbered from one to twelve, as is usual in watches of a respectable character, the numbers of the Junior watch ran way beyond twelve, and changed every now and then. It was most confusing, and seemed a prodigious waste of time. On the face of the thing it looked well, but the movement was slow. Then, too, the watch ticked monotonously round the 24 hours, which, by the curious arithmetic of official regulations, were from six to ten. We had almost come to the conclusion that this ingenious mechanism would bear watching, when we found that it was running upon Eastern Standard time, and since we had endorsed the Daylight Saving scheme, the hour's discrepancy was most convenient, and incidentally gave us the time of our lives.

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING.

Junior begins to tremble on sight of Senior; starts to fall on face with awe but thinks of new dress in time, so bares head and bows low. Opens door for Senior and says, "Fair one, I am wending my footsteps toward Auburndale. Dost thou wish something?" Senior mentions fifteen articles easily bought in an hour or so at vill. Junior invites Senior to tea, and departs, walking backwards off the front veranda.

IS NOT AND NEVER SHALL BE.

Junior runs into Senior (does not see her), steps on her toes (forgets to beg pardon), and says loudly, "These Seniors always seem to be in the way." Almost knocks Senior down rushing through door first, and bruises her nose as the door slams after departing Junior, who returns from the vill, having forgotten Senior's tooth paste.

Florence M.: "The Joke Department of the LEAVES is rotten."

Betty B.: "They don't publish mine either."

OUR JUNIOR WATCH

I just sit here a dreamin', A dreamin' every day Of the sunshine that's a gleamin' On the river far away.

While I'm studvin' I'm a wishin' (In this big ol' dinin' room) I was where the water's swishin' As canoes glide through the gloom.

I wrote a paper the other day. A mighty fine mark I expected, But when it came back from Miss Witherbee's hands The infernal thing was rejected.

My composition bristled with commas, And there were some in their right places.

But my margin was off by an eighth of an inch

I had to copy it all the way through.

I looked, I gasped, I couldn't believe That that paper really was mine, For a ruthless pen had scrawled all over Or had changed every single line.

The margin and back were teeming with notes.

With corrections and suggestions galore When I'd worn out my brain on the intricate

Then indeed I knew less than before.

Barbara: "What are the three principal Latin verbs, Miss Johnson?"
Miss Johnson: "Judging from your recitations, they are 'gessit, fecit and misit.'

Honey (to Leaves Joke Editor): "What does 'ex' mean after some of your jokes?" Lib: "Exchange. Why?"
Honey: "Oh! I thought it meant extinct."

Edith: "Mahzie, I hope I am mistaken, but I thought I saw you talking during vespers this evening."

Mahzie (indignantly): "You must have been mistaken, I never talk in my sleep.

Caller: "Bobby, do you believe in fairies?" Boston Bobby (aged 7): "No, madam, I find no evidence of their existence either in the 'Origin of Species.' 'The Descent of Man,' or the 'Outline of History.'"



THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

A review of Twenty-Five's Best Cellar. By the eminent critic, Weeno Whazup.

The plot of this fascinating new novel is deep and well laid. In the cellar of the practice kitchen of one of the so-called institutions of learning in New England, the characters, some forty in number, make their appearance at the crack of dawn for practice. While they shuffled stealthily into the depths, a counter-plot is being hatched-a dramatic scene upon the historic corner before the old club house. Patricia, a devoted conspirator, and Theodora, her trusted assistant, meet and converse guardedly with their enemies. Refreshments are served in the form of a quartrestrain yourselves, children,-of milk which the milkman has obligingly left. The outcome of this episode is an appetite for breakfast.

But in the meantime Jessica, the fair heroine. has finished practicing and leads her enthusiastic conspirators forth from the musty shades of the cellar in a jubilant gambol over the campus, telling the world in no uncertain terms what it was all about.

The author does not say just where the second and third try-outs were held, but the book staggers to a rousing good finish by having it come out all right after all. The heroine has won, just as they practiced it.

Though amusing in theme, the novel would, in our estimation, be much improved by omitting the repetition of the main plot which tends to diminish the climax rather to the status of a flat tire. The treatment of the principal character throughout is admirable, and we heartily recommend this book as a suitable diversion for the most fastidious.

Woman's faults are many; Men have only two; Everything they say And everything they do.

If you do not like our jokes And their dryness makes you groan. Just think of how you failed to bring Some good ones of your own.

Little bits of wisdom Larger bits of bluff Make our profs all ask us Where we get that stuff.

ON A DENTIST'S GRAVE.

View this grave with all gravity Below I'm filling my last cavity.

Esther A.: "Did you know I'm going to take a leading part in the forthcoming production, Fanny and the Servant Problem'?

Pep: "I didn't know you were in the dra-

matic club."
Esther: "I'm not. I'm going to usher."

Enlightened

"I have a window in my soul!" Announced the poet great;
His brother said: "Your words give me
A pane I can't locate!"

Teacher: "Sally, what is a skeleton?"
Sally B.: "It's the bones with the people rubbed off."

Hocus-"She is a girl always absorbed in deep reflection."

Pokus-"You mean, of course, in the mirror.'

Ma (worrying over daughter): "Where does that child get her temper? Not from me, surely.

Pa: "No, none of yours is missing."
Ma: "You've noticed, I see, that I never lose it."

Miss Witherbee: "What is a simile?"

Bobby N.: "I forget." Miss Witherbee: "Well, if you said, 'My hours at school are bright as the summer sunshine,' what would that be?"

Bobby: "Irony."

I hear your cook quit, Jack. Yep, "My Swedie went away."-Widow.

"You're not the only pebble on the beach," hissed the goose.

"You're no Plymouth Rock yourself," answered the rooster.-Log.

Mique: "I hear your room-mate has a baby saxophone."

Ique: "Yes, and it will be an orphan pretty soon."

My nose is like the red, red rose, When spring is here with melting snows, With voices harsh and cold wet toes, 'Tis then the fragile flower blows.

Peg. B.—"This cold weather chills me to the bone."

Duffy-"You should get a heavier bat."

LASELL NURSERY RIMES.

Little girl blue, come blow your horn, Mr. Towne wants to hear you, Don't be so forlorn,

Just sit right up and say your say You'll get ninety some fine day.

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet Laughing and talking away Till along came Miss Shapleigh, And said oh, so happily, "You got thirty in Math for today."

Dashing creature met a teacher going down the street,

Said the creature to the teacher, "What fun to think we meet.'

Said the teacher to the creature "Show me now your 'per'"

Said the creature to the teacher, "I didn't get it, Grrrrrr-

SAY IT WITH MUSIC.

A little sharp a wooing went On a harmonious mate his mind intent A natural would be sharp he found A flat they bought along the sound Friendly notes all helped a bit And so "en tout" they scored a hit.

Every one is malicious enough to enjoy the discomfiture of a cross-examining lawyer by the witness he is badgering. The American Legion Weekly reports such a case:

Tell the court exactly where you were on the 20th day of said month at 5:30 in the afternoon," sharply demanded the lawyer of an opposing witness.

"I was on the corner of South and Main Streets, asking a man a question," replied the

"Ah ha! But how do you know it was exactly 5:30?"

"Ah ha yourself!" said the witness. "The question I was asking him was what time it was.

Tillie-"I see you're trying out for dramatic club. Had any experience?"
Westerhoff—"Yes, had my leg in a cast

The prisoner had his back to the wall, the firing squad was ready. The officer asked him if he had anything to say. "Do your worst." he cried. "I wear Paris Garters—no metal can touch me."

An Englishwoman who had spent some time in Paris met a Frenchwoman, who had resided in England for a short while, at a tea one afternoon. The former insisted upon conversing in abominable French; the latter responded with atrocious English. At the conclusion of the affair the following watery farewell took place:-

"Reservoir," said the Englishwoman sweet-

ly. "Tanks," the other replied.

WRIGLEY'S AFTER EVERY MEAL.

A fat little worm went calling one time Upon a small sweet-heart so gay He wriggled joyously into the hole Where the apple was nibbled away.

But when he had finished his parting squeeze Squirming ecstatically out of the door A waiting red robin gobbled him up And he never was heard of "encore.

His sweetheart bewailed his unknown fate And with grief became pallid and thin, But the fat red robin cynically smiled Saying, "Inquire within."

A northern, city-bred man encountered a backwoodsman in the mountains of Carolina. The Southerner was lazily contemplating

his pigs as they rooted in the mud.
"Raising them for market?" suggested the city man. "Yep."

"You ought to feed them on skim milk. Saves time, makes them fat quicker.

The Southerner spat reflectively and said: "Aw, what's time to a hawg."

Lee Belber: "Now, when a person is deaf (or dumb), his sight is more acute, for the law of compensation will work itself out."

Elsie T. (thoughtfully): "I often noticed it myself, that when a man has a short leg, the other is liable to be somewhat longer.

Miss True: "What is the plural of mouse?"

Patty: "Mice."

Miss True: "Correct, lnow the plural of spouse?"

Patty: "Spice."

Old Retainer: "Odds bodikens! And so our Lord is to wed my Lady? And she is

forty if she is a day."

The Jester: "Ay, marry. And he's fifty if he's a knight."

A HOT-WEATHER SONG

I feel so excessively lazy,

I neglect what I oughtn't to should! My notion of work is so hazy

That I couldn't to toil if I would!

I feel so exceedingly silly

That I say all I shouldn't to ought! And my mind is as frail as a lily;

It would break with the weight of a thought!

-From Don Marquis' column in the New York "Tribune."

FOR THE BACKWARD READER

Eht tsiggib sloof I llits eralced Era ton ni deddap llec ro llats Tub esoht ohw wonk siht sah on esnes Tey ylluferac wollof hguorht ti lla.

Margaret is only seven years but sometimes quite naughty. On one occasion her mother, hoping to be particularly impressive, said, "Don't you know that if you keep on doing naughty things, your children will be naughty, too?"

Margaret dimpled and cried triumphantly, "Oh, mother, now you've given yourself away.

Betty C .-- "Why do you eat those awful hot dogs?"

Dotty R.—"To fill an empty space in my life."

THE BRIDGE FIEND

"Bridge, bridge, bridge!" stormed Mr. Wampus. "You will die at the bridge table." "Bury me with simple honors," said Mrs.

Wampus sweetly.

We have two ears and only one mouth, so that we should listen twice as much as we speak.

or (Revised version for school use)

We have two ears in order that what goes in at one ear may go out the other.

The school is divided into two classesthose who go to Study Hall and those who ought to go.

Mrs. Soandso: "Yes, my daughters are Seniors at Lasell.'

Interested Caller: "Indeed? What is their vell?"

Mrs. Soandso: "Money, money, money,"

WHERE

While the train from N. Y. was sliding through Stamford, Conn., the high-strung fidgety little girl in the Pullman looked up at her mother and said impatiently, "Mamma, when do we get to New England?"

"We are in New England now, dear," was the reply. "Look out the window and you will see it."

"But, Mamma," persisted the child, when she had squirmed round to look, "where is the conscience?"

Father (reading school report) "Daughter. I am not at all pleased with this report. Alice D.: "I told teacher that you wouldn't be, but she refused to change it."

JUST BEFORE VACATION

Teacher (in History): "Name some advan tages of the 20th century."

Jessie (absently): "It gets to Chicago quicker."

Vic and Alice were ploughing into town Monday morning with the shopping party. As the train wheezed to a stop at Brighton, an express tore by for Chicago.

Alice: "There goes the 20th century." Vic (grunts in disgust): "This must be

about the 4th century."

Teacher (in ethics): "I will lecture today on liars. How many of you have read the 25th chapter?"

(Nearly the whole class raise their hands.) Teacher: "That's fine, you're the very group I wish to address. There is no 25th chapter."

Notices with a double meaning can be found in other places besides shops, says the Daily Chronicle. For instance, this announcement was posted up on a church notice board: Morning Service at 10:30 A. M.

Subject "The Three Great Failures"

Choir Sermon

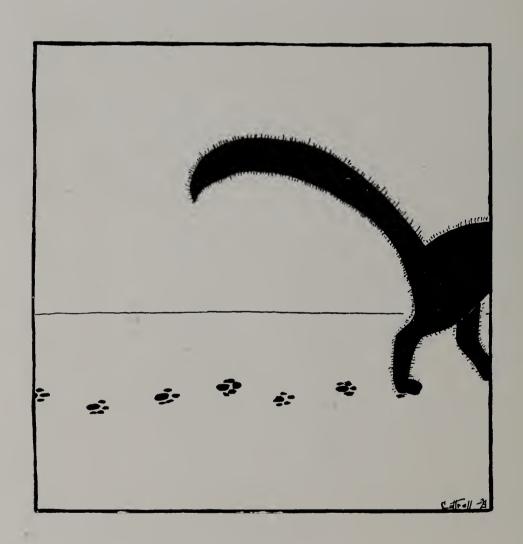
Organ Offertory.

Such frankness among church workers is rather distressing.

New Comer: "And what is that house over there?"

Soph: "O, that's the greenhouse."

New Comer: "I didn't know the Freshmen had a dorm all to themselves."





Calendar

Sept. 18	New girls descend in droves, wild-eyed and anxious.	
Sept. 19	Old girls arrive, pause in their hilarious rioting to wonder at the new girls.	
Sept. 20	Formal opening. We celebrate with a dance and an orchestra.	
Sept. 21	Old girls serenade the new girls.	
Sept. 22	Seniors announce elections in chapel.	
Sept. 23	Dr. J. Edgar Parks has vespers.	
Sept. 28	Initiation Day. Heavens! Could we have looked like this? Pep Schroer ha Christian Endeavor.	
Sept. 29	New girl-old girl dance, music, programs, and a general good time.	
Sept. 30	Vespers at the Methodist Church.	
Oct. 5	Dr. Vincent tells us in lecture about the Life of R. L. Stevenson. Frances Badger our Senior President, leads C. E. at Woodland.	
Oct. 7	Dr. Frank Kingdon has Vespers.	
Oct. 8	We go to Concord and Lexington to be educated. "See America first" is our motto	
Oct. 12	Miss Potter lectures.	
Oct. 14	Dr. Brewer Eddy speaks in Vespers.	
Oct. 15	Lecture in place of Bible. Mrs. Alice Norton tells us of Turkey.	
Oct. 19	1:20 P. M. Juniors take constitutional in front of Gardner without noticeable improvement of health.	
	2:00 P. M. Seniors hang their good-looking banner.	
	3:00 P. M. Seniors dress up and have open house which means good food. Do	
	Barnard finishes the day with C. E.	
Oct. 21	Vespers is at 2:30 with Dr. Van Allen.	
Oct. 22	We go to Salem.	
Oct. 24	Basketball elections: E. Clendenin, captain, and L. Parry, manager.	
Oct. 26	Dr. Vincent lectures to us again on Indian Romance and Rudyard Kipling. C. E. led by Edith Hadley.	
Oct. 28	Musical Vespers, Mrs. Mae Sleeper Ruggles.	
Oct. 31	We fail to recognize our Chapel in its transformation and we fail, also, to recognize our chums in their Hallowe'en make-ups. We all love our Hallowe'en party.	

Dr. Keever talks on "Health." C. E. led by Edith Clendenin.

The usual Sabbath quiet with an undercurrent of tension.

Classifications posted. Juniors display an air of mystery that deceives no one.

Nov. 2

Nov. 3

Nov. 4

Nov. 5	4:30 A. M.	Main building rouses from its dreams,
	4:45 A. M.	The Chosen Few from Woodland arrive at Main.
	5:50 A. M.	Juniors hold elections in P. K. cellar.
	6:30 A. M.	Snake dance announcing officers.
	12:00 M.	Freshmen aunounce officers.
	5:00 P. M.	During Senior Bible Juniors hold second election, but neglect to publish
		results.
	6:00 P. M.	Specials announce officers.
	7:00 P. M.	Juniors lose control and storm Gardner where Sophomores are holding
		elections.
	8:00 P. M.	Sophomores, ignoring raging Juniors, continue elections and announce

- 8:45 P. M. Seniors assemble at Gardner.
- 9:05 P. M. Last Senior in Gardner.

officers.

- 9:45 P. M. Leave Gardner in caps and gowns and give Senior yell.
- 9:50 P. M. Seniors serenade Dr. Winslow and Main.
- Nov. 6 6:00 A. M. Seniors serenade Woodland and Bancroft,
 - 7:30 A. M. Juniors awed by caps and gowns. Seniors wear caps and gowns all day.
 - 7:00 P. M. Seniors serenade Mrs. Gore, keeper of caps and gowns.
 - 8:00 P. M. '23 serenade with their Cap and Gown song.
 - 9:30 P. M. Sophomores serenade Seniors.

 Junior elections are again vaguely heard of, but still no official statement.
- Nov. 7 Juniors serenade Seniors.
- Nov. 8 Freshmen serenade Seniors.
- Nov. 9 Freshmen serenade Juniors. Dr. Vincent lectures again. Marguerite Murray leads C E.
- Nov. 11 Mr. Stanley High has Vespers.
- Nov. 15 9 A. M. Seniors are 100 percent for the Leaves. 5 P. M. Seniors win the Senior-Junior hockey game, 3-0.
- Nov. 16 Lecture at the Congregational Church, Miss Janet Richards, "Great Questions of the Hour from Washington Viewpoint."

in

- Nov. 18 Dr. Laurens McClure in Vespers.
- Nov. 20 Hockey game; Lasell-Radcliffe Freshmen, 1-0 in favor of Lasell.
- Nov. 21 Sir Robert Bardon gives us short address.
- Nov. 23 We learn about the Budget in lecture from Mrs. Edith McClure Patterson. Doris Lougee leads Christian Endeavor.
- Nov. 28 Thanksgiving vacation. Every one devoutly thankful.

- Dec. 3 The return, weary but happy.
- Dec. 6 Address of Pres. Coolidge heard over the radio.
- Dec. 7 Tuskegee Quartet in lecture. C. E. led by K. Knox.
- Dec. 8 Gardner stunt night.
- Dec. 9 Vespers; Mrs. Vincent, native of India.
- Dec. 10 Study Hall filled.
- Dec. 12 Pupils' Concert.
- Dec. 14 Motion Pictures, "Refining of Sugar." C. E. led by Pep Schroer.
- Dec. 16 Christmas Vespers and our Glee Club sings. Dr. Lichliter addresses the school.
- Dec. 17 Dramatic Club play.
- Dec. 18 Slam dinner. Those amazing disclosures!
- Dec. 19 Home and Santa Claus,
- Dec. 25 Juniors hang up their stockings.
- Jan. 1 Multitudes of new resolutions made.
- Jan. 2 Multitudes broken.
- Jan. 8 Every one skins into Auburndale a fraction of a second before first class.
- Jan. 9 The rest cure proves popular. Lecture by Mrs. Elsie Powers on Mission Plays of California.
- Jan. 11 C. E. led by Ruth Voltz.
- Jan. 13 Rev. F. Atkins Moore; Glee Club concert at Franklin Sq. House.
- Jan. 15 Permanent Student Council elected.
- Jan. 18 Lecture on Russia by Miss Elizabeth Hasanovitz.
- Jan. 20 Dr. Ashley Leavitt speaks in Vespers.
- Jan. 22 Senior-Junior basketball game. Seniors win gloriously, 23-9. French Club has a dinner.
- Jan. 25 Lecture is by Mr. Harold Vinal. Jessie Matteson leads C. E.
- Jan. 27 Afternoon Vespers; Mr. Harold Schwab, organist.
- Jan. 31 Faculty-Varsity game. No morning mail!
- Feb. 1 Lecture by Mrs. Lucia Ames Meade. Catherine Lalley leads Christian Endeavor
- Feb. 3 Dr. Drew has Vespers.
- Feb. 4 Senior conversation begins. "Fran" is hostess.
- Feb. 5 Lasell wins a basketball game from Chandler, 27-17.
- Feb. 8 Mrs. Lucia Ames Meade in lecture. Martha Fish leads Christian Endeavor.
- Feb. 9 Sophomore-Senior party; we love parties.
- Feb. 10 Dr. Abraham Rihbany in Vespers.
- Feb. 11 Alumnae reunion. No classes; can't make us mad. We climb into sweaters and go to the Ice Carnival on Gardner hill.
- Feb. 13 Lasell wins another game from Chandler, 23-14.

- Feb. 15 White Mountain party leaves.
- Feb. 14 Hearts cheap, but flowers more expensive.
- Feb. 17 Fireside Vespers held in separate houses.
- Feb. 18 White Mountain party returns to civilization.
- Feb. 22 Martha Washington dinner. Cornstarch on sale at the book-store. '23 reunion occupies center of dining room.
- Feb. 25 Senior-Junior swimming meet; 36-14 in favor of the Juniors.
- Feb. 27 All Seniors on time for breakfast.
- Feb. 29 Stereopticon lecture on Famous Paintings by Prof. Henry W. Poar. Sally Barnum leads Christian Endeavor.
- Mar. 1 Junior shifts welcomed by Senior yell in Chapel. Prom-Seniors dissipate.
- Mar. 2 Juniors still punching time clock.
- Mar. 3 Juniors going strong.
- Mar. 4 Juniors still more hectic.
- Mar. 5 Shifting ceases to be amusing and becomes monotonous.
- Mar. 6 Seniors lose interest.
- Mar. 7 Mrs. Martin, in lecture, prophesies truly--"Something good is surely coming." In Christian Endeavor, Chris Chamberlain encourages the Seniors "to take advantage of opportunities." They do.
- Mar. 8 Seniors take tables during dinner to the tune of "We're loyal to you, dear Lasell."

 All Juniors are present.
- Mar. 9 Vespers, Prof. Elmer Leslie, B. U.
- Mar. 12 Pupils' Musical Recital. We applaud our chums.
- Mar. 14 Miss Schmidt gives us a stereopticon lecture on Labrador. Frances Bliss leads
 Christian Endeavor. Mademoiselle Le Royer presents a French play.
- Mar. 15 Juniors entertain the Seniors in a royal Chinese way at the Auburndale Club House.
- Mar. 16 Vespers, Rev. Homer Wark.
- Mar. 21 Mr. Charles Floyd tells us of "Birds" with stereopticon pictures, too. Christian Endeavor is led by Esther Palmer.
- Mar. 22 Seniors give a cafeteria supper with novel features. Junior-Senior basketball game. Seniors win, 32-9.
- Mar. 23 Missionary pageant, "Japan," for Vespers.
- Mar. 24 Last Senior conversation; F. Badger, hostess.
- Mar. 25 Mr. Oldys on "Birds and their calls."
- Mar. 28 Spring vacation begins. We are not exactly sorry.
- April 8 We come back with new clothes.
- April 11 Mrs. Sarah Lee Wharf lectures on "Land of Color." Ruth Johnson leads Christian Endeavor.

- April 12 "All hands on deck, girls!" Senior-Junior Sailor Party.
- April 13 Dr. Mcllyar Lichliter has Vespers.
- April 17 The Spanish Club distinguishes itself with some remarkable Spanish plays.
- April 18 Every one looking for cuts. Prof. Henry W. Poar gives us another stereopticon lecture on "Scenic America."
- April 20 Easter Sunday. We wear our new hats.
- April 23 Violin Recital.
- April 24 Senior Dramatic Recital.
- April 25 Readings from Amy Lowell by Mr. Laurence Brainard.
- April 26 Missionary Vespers, Rev. Horace Carey, Jr.
- April 30 Tufts Glee Club. Seniors entertain
- May 1 Methodist Church opens its doors with a May breakfast with lots of food.
- May 2 No lecture. C. E. led by Lib Anderson.
- May 4 Rev. Brewer Eddy in Vespers.
- May 7 Pupils' Musical Recital. "We are cordially invited and expected to attend."
- May 9 Senior Play. We dress up, call Ruanes and go to hear our talented Seniors.
- May 10 Stereopticon slides, "Life's Vital Food." We are pleasantly surprised by being let out early. Christian Endeavor led by C. Vicary.
- May 11 Rev. Raymond Calkins in Vespers.
- May 14 Orphean Concert.
- May 15 Shakespeare Class presents Midsummer Night's Dream. We spend an evening in fairy land.
- May 16 Tennis game, Brookline-Lasell.
- May 17 Freshman-Junior Party.
- May 20 Tennis game, Lasell-Newton.
- May 21 Field Day.
- May 24 Glee Club Concert. We can have "guests."
- May 29 River Day.
- May 31 May Fete.
- June 4 Commencement Concert.
- June 5 Closing exercises at Woodland.
- June 6 Exhibits.
- June 7 Dr. Winslow's reception.
- June 8 Philip Frick, LL.D., Baccalaureate sermon.
- June 9 Bishop Fred Fisher, Commencement Vespers.
- June 10 Commencement exercises.

Afterword

Me have attempted in this second bolume of "The Hamp" to pattern after '23's achiebement, with how great success our readers shall be the judges. Our indebtedness to our Faculty, fellow students and alimnae, generally, for invaluable and kindly assistance, we gratefully acknowledge; and especially to Miss Mary P. Mitherhee, our critic, to Miss Mary R. Stuart, our art advisor, and Mr. Will C. Eddy, our publisher, for many helpful suggestions, as well as sympathetic encouragement and assistauce. To the Staff of 1925, we extend our best wishes, and our earnest desire that Kasell's Senior Annual may continne to flourish; in the words of '23, "May 'The Lamp' ever be a light to perpetuate happy memories. Keep 'Che Hamp' burning during future years."

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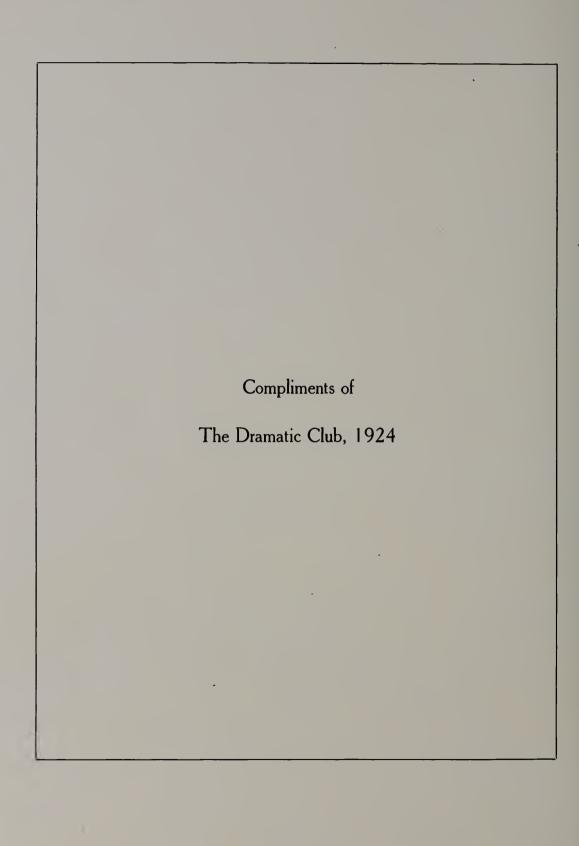
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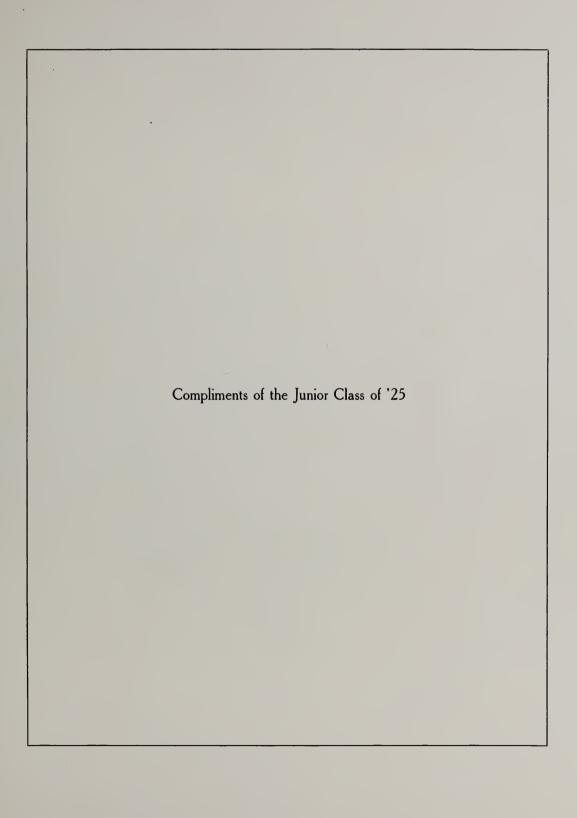
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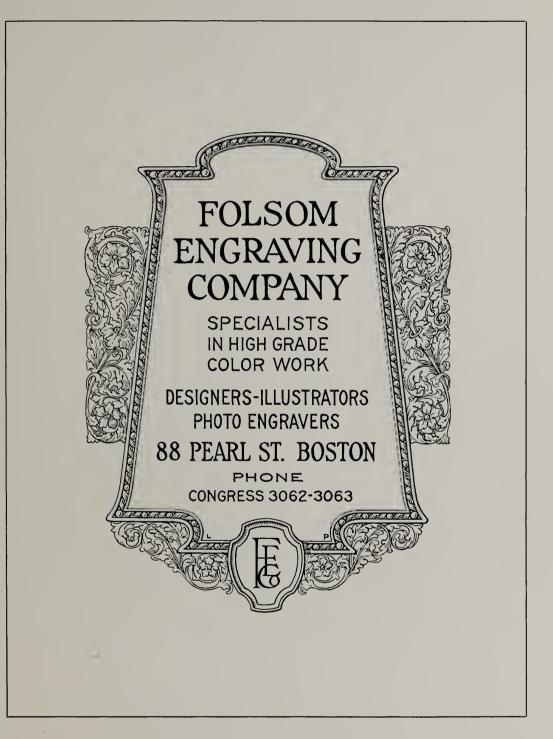
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